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# MURDER WILL OUT.

## THE FIRST STEP IN CRIME LEADS TO THE GALLOWS.

## THE HORRORS OF THE QUEEN CITY.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TWO SOLDIERS WHO WERE EXECUTED AT OLD FORT WASHINGTON;
AND THE TRIALS AND EXECUTIONS OF JOHN MAY;
PHILIP LEWIS, (colored); JOHN COWAN, the Murderer of his Family;
WASHBURN, and his Associates, DAVIS and HOOVER,
The Butchers of over 30 Persons;
BYRON COOLEY, who killed JOHN RAMBO; HENRY LECOUNT;
PATRICK McHUGH, the Murderer of his own Wife;
AND A CAREFUL HISTORY OF THE HUGHES MURDERERS, WITH A PRECISE ACCOUNT OF THE
MURDER OF JOHN BRASHER, the Watchman; THE
SUMMONS MASSACRE; ARRISON AND THE INFERNAL MACHINE;
MRS. HOWARD, who Avenged her own Wrongs;
NANCY FARRER, the Child Poisoner;
With a correct detail of over a Hundred other Murders which have taken place in this City and County.

BY AN OLD CITIZEN.

[De Beck, William L.]

CINCINNATI, 1867.

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The following work has been written and published without making a hero of a single criminal, the idea being the inculcation of honesty, virtue and morality in the mind of every reader.

It is void of the constant use of strong phrases, and should be read by all parents and their children. They of both sexes will find much that they thus must avoid—the commission of the first *little* sin, may be the means of bringing them to destruction.

# THE

# MURDERS AND EXECUTIONS

## OF CINCINNATI.

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The recent atrocious murder of one of our most quiet and orderly citizens, James Hughes, and the summary arrest, trial and conviction of the murderers, have awakened such a universal feeling of interest in the whole affair, as well as, in fact, in every thing relating to the former deeds of blood that have been enacted in our city, that the author has concluded to give a short sketch of the more prominent homicides which have taken place here, with a list of every person who has suffered the extreme penalty of the law in this county. As a few of the well-known tragedies, enacted in our city, have been omitted from this sketch altogether, the only reason given is, that the broad mantle of charity should be thrown over the first fault of persons who never committed but one offense, and are now occupying useful and honorable positions in society, or have left families that are now respected and honored.

The first capital punishment ever meted out in our city, was in 1789, when two soldiers, named John Avers and Matthew Ratmore, were shot at the south-east end of Fort Washington, in the eastern part of this city, for desertion. Of course, the records, and even the particulars of the affair, have long since been lost, and the only evidence of the matter we now have, are the traditions handed down from the old pioneers who witnessed the execution.

## JOHN MAY

Was the first man who suffered the extreme penalty of the law in this county by order of the Civil Courts.

May and a man named Wat. Sullivan, had been on a grand old spree for several days, having for a long time been intimate friends in their debaucheries; but the old adage, "when wine is in, wit is out," held true in this case, as they got to quarreling over some trifling matter, which finally ended in blows. Mutual friends interfered and the fracas was stopped, at least for a time, but May brooded over the idea that he had been worsted by a man much smaller than himself, and openly made threats that he would kill Sullivan at the first opportune moment. A party was given a few evenings afterward at the log cabin of one Hardin Smith, about where the corner of Sixth and Main now is, and May and Sullivan were both there. The latter asked May to let by-gones be by-gones, and for the resumption of their former friendship, but May said he had sworn to kill him (Sullivan) and there would not be a better time, and suiting the action to the word, he drew a hunting knife—an article found in the belt of every backwoodsman at that time—and plunged it into Sullivan's heart, who sunk lifeless on the floor of the cabin. May was arrested, tried and convicted and hung by Sheriff John Ludlow, on the same spot where our good-natured friend, Bartholomew Cavagna keeps his unsurpassed grocery, south side of Fifth street, east of Walnut. This took place toward the close of the last century, and as executions were all public at that time, the whole population of the country for a distance of fifty miles in every direction came to see the "hangin'."

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## THE MURDER OF NICHOLS.

On the 20th of September, 1812, a man named Allen P. Westbrook, had a dispute with a neighbor named Samuel Nichols, about a fence between their lots; the lie finally passed, when Westbrook drew a dirk-

knife and plunged it deep into the side of Nichols, producing a wound which soon caused a fatal termination.

Westbrook was arrested, indicted for murder in the first degree; was tried, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to *eight months* in the county jail, and pay the costs of prosecution, amounting one hundred and twenty-five dollars and twenty-six cents. At the same term of the Court, a poor friendless outcast was tried for stealing a horse valued at fifty dollars, and was sentenced to twenty years hard labor in the penitentiary, one year of which was to be passed in solitary confinement. Thus we see a human life valued at *eight months*, and a poor old broken-down horse valued at twenty years. One prisoner had friends and money, while the other had not. It will always be found impossible to suppress crime, when there is so much partiality in the administration of the laws.

We can consider ourselves peculiarly blessed, that we now have a corps of judges in our courts who can neither be bought, bribed, nor moved by any other consideration than a sense of duty toward the public as well as the criminal.

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## PHILLIP LEWIS, (*Colored*),

Was hung Nov. 27, 1826, for the murder of one Thomas Isdell. The fatal affray occurred on the 7th of April, previous to the execution, and originated from an old dispute. The parties had previously had several difficulties, and Lewis swore before many persons that he intended to take the life of "Tom Isdell," and that he expected to be hung for it. The weather was remarkably cold for the month of April, and Isdell was going along so bundled up as to prevent his having any chance to defend himself; in fact little was he aware how soon he would be ushered into eternity. As he was turning a fence-corner, Lewis attacked him with a large stick, striking him across the temporal bone, crushing it as easily as a strong man could an egg-shell with his hand. Lewis, as soon as he found he had accomplished his work, endeavored to make his escape, but in vain, for he was arrested, and after an impartial trial,

he was convicted of murder in the first degree, by a jury composed of our very best citizens. That class of citizens opposed to capital punishment got up petitions and remonstrances to the Governor, endeavoring to have the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life; but all in vain, for the sentence was carried out, and Lewis was hung as narrated above. To the honor of our colored citizens, be it said, that he is the only one of his race who has ever been hung in this county.

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## TAPSICO BRUMBACK

Belonged to that cowardly class of human beings known as wife-whippers. There are men in the world who, if crossed in any business matters, or aught goes wrong out doors, or they get intoxicated, they go home and exhibit their manhood by beating and abusing their poor defenseless wives. Let a woman commit the slightest—even supposed—indiscretion, and the world turns against her; she has no strong arm raised in her defense, while men are permitted unlimited license to break the laws of society and are as much respected as if they were paragons of perfection. This is not right; and the man who treats his wife other than with the kindest regard and affection, should have the cry of "Mad-dog" started against him and be driven from the presence of respectable people. Brumback was a wife-whipper, and on the evening of the fourth of February, 1829, went home, and at once commenced his cowardly course toward his wife, Sally Brumback, and at last plucked up courage enough to knock the poor unprotected woman down with a heavy old-fashioned split-bottomed chair, and while she was prostrate, he jumped on her breast and stomach until he had driven the last spark of life from her mutilated form. The evidence was very direct on the trial, and the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree only, as there was not proof enough that he committed the act with deliberation and malice aforethought. Thus again the gallows was cheated out of its rights, as it has been often, both before and since, and the wife-murderer was sent to the penitentiary for his natural life, which in plain

terms meant until some Governor of his political party should be elected to pardon him out. How long he remained in that institution we have no records to tell.

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## THE BERDSIL TRAGEDY.

There was a man named Berdsil, arrested, tried and convicted of murder in the first degree, for murdering his wife. The records of the case (we think) were destroyed by fire at the time of the burning of the old Court House in 1849, and the circumstances of the case we can only narrate from an indistinct recollection of the affair, which were about as follows:

Berdsil, from some cause, became enraged at his wife, and he finally appeased his wrath by cutting her to pieces with an axe, and throwing her body down the well. Her continued absence, and the strange actions of her husband, attracted the attention and suspicion of the neighbors. The old man said his wife had gone away for a few days, to visit some of her relations, but would be back in a few days; time passed, and as she did not come, the citizens in the vicinity gathered together on the place to make a thorough and careful examination of the premises, which ended by the body being dragged from the well. The horrible monster was sentenced to be hung, and was even led out to the scaffold, when his reprieve, or rather change of sentence to imprisonment for life, arrived and was read to him; the wretch had become so hardened to his apparent doom, that he at first refused to consent to a change of punishment, the choice being left him by the Governor, but he finally consented to spend the rest of his life as an expiation for the crime he had committed. Thus another wife abuser, who deserved to end his career with a piece of hemp around his neck, escaped the rightful claims of justice.

The next murder we consider of importance enough to be preserved, took place on the 14th August, 1832,

## SHERRED WILLIAMS

Being the murderer, and a man named Joseph Guike being the victim.

The character of the tragedy was very similar, in many respects, to the affair in which Lewis killed Isdell. The weapon was the same—a large heavy stick, and the mortal wound was also on the head. Williams was a man who had previously borne rather a good character, for honesty, industry and truthfulness, his prevailing sin being too great a love for strong drink.

As there was not sufficient evidence of his doing the deed premeditatedly, the jury only brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree, and he was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. He had many strong and influential friends, who appealed his case to the Supreme Court of the county; but that wise body refused to interfere with the judgment of twelve responsible jurors, and Williams had to submit to his fate. We think that after he had been a few years in confinement, he was discharged through the influence of a petition which had been largely signed by a better class of his fellow-citizens. Williams owed his misfortunes to liquor and an ungovernable temper. Could he have controlled his appetite for one and governed the other, we doubt much if he would have the stigma of murderer attached to his name.

## THE COWAN TRAGEDY.

Since our city was first settled, there has never been any deed of horror, which created such an intense excitement, or so much universal interest as the murder of Mrs. Cowan and her two children, by John W. Cowan, the husband and father. Cowan was a carpenter by trade and much addicted to excessive intemperance, and had only recently moved to our city from Pittsburgh. He had been drinking very hard

for several days, and from the queer phantasies of a raving and drunken brain, had become very jealous of his wife, and had accused her of improper intimacy with some friend of the family, the wife stoutly denying the unjust accusation against her chastity, and retorted in rather severe terms on any husband, who would so far forget himself as to slander his own wife; this only made the already half crazed man still more infuriated, and he finally threatened her life. She could not think it possible that any man could be so fiendish as to carry such a threat into execution; resting in fancied security, she got breakfast, and as was her usual custom, went to market. On her return, the husband, whose fury had only been increasing during her absence, met her at the head of the stairs, and immediately attacked her with a sharp broad-axe, which he had apparently ground for that purpose. After killing his wife and two children, all with the same fatal axe, he endeavored to escape, but was tracked by a large crowd of justly infuriated citizens, and was finally captured in the woods near the mouth of Millcreek; he begged to be allowed to escape, as life was precious, but the reply was that he should have thought of that before sending his wife and children into another world.

The fact of the terrible deed soon became known all over the city, and thousands repaired to the scene of the event, which took place in a small two story house on the east side of Walnut street, between Pearl and Second, on the exact ground now occupied by the extensive wholesale grocery house of James A. Frazer & Co. The house stood several feet below the surface of the street, which had been filled up after the structure was built. The general demand was the summary execution of the wretch, and at one time it seemed that Judge Lynch would have a session of his court in our city; but the advice of such men as Storer, Spencer, Greenwood, Fox, Lawrence, and others, who appealed to the calmer passions of the multitude was taken, and Cowan was safely lodged in jail.

At the next session of the Grand Jury he was indicted, and at the October term of the court of 1835—a few days after the murder was committed—the Grand Jury which was in session found a bill against

him for murder in the first degree. He was as once placed on trial for the murder of Mary Cowan, his wife, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed on the 27th November, of the same year.

As soon as his mind had become settled by abstinence from strong drink, he felt with full force the horror of his position, and went to work at once to prepare himself for the awful charge which so soon awaited him. He made a frank and full confession, which was published, the proceeds going to erect a monument for his family, which was erected and stood for many years in the old Baptist burying ground, on Court street, west of Mound, and was to be seen, by any passer by, from the former street.

Cowan was hung in Barr's woods, somewhere near the site of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway depot, and as the execution was public, an immense crowd went to see him meet the fate he so richly merited. Cowan was a poor weak minded sort of man. but at heart was not naturally vicious, being rather cowardly than otherwise, and had his mind not been disordered by the excessive use of rum, it is our opinion that there would have been no necessity for recording him as among the deepest dyed criminals of any age.

We make an extract from the *Gazette*, which was published at that time, 12th October, 1835:

"A Deed of Violence.—A man by the name of Cowan committed a murder on Saturday last, of an unprecedented character for its ferocity, in this vicinity. He killed his wife and two children in a passion, originating in some slight difference between himself and wife. The weapon used to destroy his family was a broad-axe, with which he inhumanly cut and carved, to a horrible degree, his unoffending victims. After the act was committed, he retreated as fast as possible; but was overtaken by a large number of horsemen about two miles from this place, and is now in jail awaiting trial. Such was the indignation of the populace, that it was difficult to restrain them from acts of violence, and his immediate death would have been the consequence, had not the police officers surrounded him with a number of horsemen acting as officers."

# THE MURDER OF WM. BEAVER.

Reader, in passing the Deercreek road, there can still be seen near the junction of Walnut hills, and Reading roads, a small, neatly white-washed cottage, which was the scene about thirty years ago of one of the most brutal murders on record. The house has been rebuilt, and in fact removed a short distance from its original site, since the night of the occurrence we are about to relate.

At the time of which we speak, the premises were occupied by a quiet inoffensive old man named William Beaver, who kept a sort of small family grocery and retail store. He was unmarried and lived all alone. On the morning of the 26th of September, 1836, one of the neighbors went to the store of the old man to make a purchase of some groceries, and was horrified to find Mr. Beaver stretched lifeless on the floor, having had his brains beaten out. The man who discovered the affair soon aroused the neighbors, and naturally the inquiry was "who has committed the fearful crime?" The club which had done the work was found near by, and was recognized as having been seen in the possession of a man named John Washburn, a most notorious character, who lived in the city, and it finally came out that Washburn and two companions—Mathias Hoover and David Davis, had been seen loitering around Beaver's store the evening previous to the murder. The whole city was aroused, and many hours had not elapsed before the three suspected parties were arrested. New evidence of a most positive character was found, and the guilt of the suspected parties was soon apparent to all.

Washburn was first placed on trial (October 26), and was found guilty and sentenced to be hung on the 25th November, 1836, but was respited by Governor Lucas until January 6, 1837, when he was taken to a scaffold erected near the spot where he had committed the atrocious deed, for which he was about to suffer, and was hung in the presence of many thousands of people. To the very last he maintained his bull-dog courage, and appeared to meet his doom without the least remorse or repentance. He boasted of the amount of crime he had participated in,

asserting that he had helped murder about thirty persons. He told how he had gone into a cabin near Lexington, Kentucky, and choked an old man and his wife to death. On one occasion he was robbing a house in Pittsburgh, and was in a room where there was a young lady quietly sleeping, but he making some noise in breaking open a trunk, the girl was awakened and terribly frightened, but he assured her that she need not be alarmed, as he was only after plunder, and all she had to do was to remain quiet; frightened into submission she lay and watched the burglar rifle the trunk, bureau, etc. After he was through he went to her bedside and said he must bid her "good-bye," and reaching out his hands as if to shake hands with her, he suddenly drew a bowie knife across her neck, cutting her throat from ear to ear, and causing almost instant death. There was not the least necessity for the crime, as he himself confessed, for the girl was too badly scared to make any out-cry, and the only excuse that can be given is that Washburn was naturally a villain and a robber, who believed in the adage that "dead men tell no tales."

On another occasion Washburn was running on a New Orleans passenger steamer, as deck hand, and had a dispute with another laborer, about some minor point, when the man's back was turned toward him, he pushed him into the river, and as the steamer was running rapidly the man was drowned before the boat could be stopped. No one having seen him push the man into the river, he was allowed to go unpunished for this crime. Many other crimes he related as having been connected with, either as principal or accomplice, which made the blood of all who listened to him, even the most hardened in crime, almost freeze. We can not forbear inserting an extract from one of our city papers, published the day after the execution, it states so concisely the character of the man, that it is worth reading:

"Washburn, the murderer of Beaver, was hung yesterday, in the presence of about fifteen thousand spectators, a large portion of whom were females. According to his own confession, he must have been one of the most depraved wretches that ever existed. He boasted of having perpetrated, or having been concerned in the perpetration of, something like

thirty murders. His whole life, from boyhood up, has been one of crime and villainy. To use a flash term of rogues, he died game, and we suppose has immortalized his name among the fraternity of thieves and murderers. The pomp and parade of the occasion, was just such as a hardened villain might be proud of. So much for public executions! Who would not be a *murderer?*"

The following additional particulars of Washburn, we have gleaned since writing the foregoing sketch of him. A few days previous to his execution he sold his body, to Dr. Shotwell, Professor of Anatomy in the Medical College of Ohio, at the time giving the doctor an order on the sheriff for his body. The sum paid for the corpse was fifty dollars. The most of this money he used to buy him a magnificent suit of black broadcloth to be hung in, the balance he had expended to purchase him a most luxurious and dainty dinner for the day he was to be executed. The last morning he was to be alive on earth, as is usual with attending ministers in such cases, good and pious "Old Father Raper," went into the condemned cell to pray with the poor man who was so soon to be ushered into another world. While the good old man was fervently imploring divine aid for the soul which was so soon to appear before its Maker, Washburn actually stole the minister's watch, and put it into his own fob pocket, where it remained when he was executed, and was found by the doctors when examining the body. Thus, almost his last act on earth was a robbery, committed without any other possible motive, than to exhibit an extra amount of bravado; it could not have been any thing else, as the truly brave man wants to feel prepared to meet his God, let his denominational faith be what it may. On the scaffold the wretch appeared perfectly at home and composed, and when the minister commenced the hymn, "Repent, ye sinners repent before 'tis too late," thousands of the vast audience being religious people joined in, and loudest among all the voices could be heard the doomed man's, while all knew that he did so, only from a spirit of mockery. In his final speech he denied knowing any thing about the murder of Beaver, and was innocent of it, but that he had been guilty of every kind of crime, and had been engaged in over thirty murders. He told that while in Louisville at one

time a man named Lovett was taken out to be hung, and that he (Washburn), and his gang were engaged in picking pockets: and said that if they would only let him get down from the scaffold he could point out fifty persons then engaged in the same business. He told about going to Mexico with a band of banditti and robbing the country of a great many hundreds of millions of dollars, which they brought to this country in a small schooner. Upon calculation it would be found that the amount he professed to have stolen, would sink three small crafts similar to the Great Eastern. Thus, another falsehood was told. In his dying declaration, he said he felt completely changed in heart, that he believed his sins had all been forgiven, and that he had entire confidence that his spirit would go to heaven, which assertions every person there knew he only made for the purpose of reviling religion. He appealed to all young men present, to avoid strong drink and the company of lewd women, as they had brought him to his disgraceful end. Would that we could impress on every young person who reads this book the good common sense of his advice. Feel that there is no place like home, and that the company of your father, mother, sisters and brothers, or that of a wife is far more pleasant and honorable, than going with those who can not possibly do you any good, and who will in time surely injure your good names. Fathers and mothers let us appeal to you, to see that "home" is made the most attractive place possible for your children; if you are ever so poor, have them a few good, interesting books to read, have them various kinds of cheap amusements, make home happy, so that your children will be loth to leave, and you will find your children grow up around you honored and respected members of society.

Washburn had but one eye, the other having been knocked out in some difficulty or other. He was about twenty-two years of age when executed—being about the same age that Byron Cooley, the murderer of poor Rambo, was when he met his fate at the gallows.

When the doctors dissected the body of Washburn, they found the heart and its arterial connections entirely dissimilar to that of any other human being, and exactly the same as those parts are found in the hyena; in fact, when the two were compared, it was impossible to dis-

cover any difference. As the hyena is known as a perfectly untamable animal, many physicians consider this resemblance as the primitive cause of Washburn's total depravity, and utter recklessness and indifference as to what became of him, and his inhuman conduct on the scaffold. It is our firm belief, that a more hardened, confirmed criminal was never brought to justice.

Davis and Hoover, the accomplices of Washburn, were tried before the Criminal Court, and their cases taken up, for a hearing, before a higher court; but the latter tribunal only confirmed the verdict of the inferior court, and they were sentenced to be executed on the 30th day of June, 1837; which sentence was duly carried out—and thus the whole trio met the doom they so richly merited.

Davis and Hoover were both very bad, vile men; but were not steeped in crime like the leader. They were more known as common thieves than murderers; but they were under the supreme control of Washburn to such an extent that they would, with alacrity, obey his slightest wish.

From the commencement, the whole public sentiment was against the poor, doomed wretches; and though they were humanely treated during the time they were awaiting execution, still all hearts were steeled against them, and the universal demand was, that they should all be hung.

As the whole three were hung within a few months of each other, one sheriff had the solemn and unpleasant duty of executing them all; and it is the only occasion where a single sheriff has had to execute more than one person.

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## THE MURDER OF JOHN PHILBBOOK

Is the next on record worth transcribing. William Donaldson, a very bad and dangerous man became engaged in some dispute with Philbrook, about some member of the gentler sex, and finally ended the matter by plunging a long-bladed dirk-knife into the side of Philbrook. This occurrence took place on the 19th day of July, 1836; and the unfortunate man lingered till the next day, when he expired. The murderer was tried, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be executed on

the 25th day of November, 1836, the same day as first set for the hanging of the notorious Washburn; but an appeal was taken to a higher court, and the verdict of murder in the first degree was set aside, and the prisoner was sentenced to hard labor, in the penitentiary, for life. The universal sentiment of that time was, that the enormity of his crime deserved death; and a feeling of general dissatisfaction was expressed against the Supreme Court for changing his sentence.

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## JOHN RAMBO MURDERED.

### BYRON COOLEY, HIS MURDERER, EXECUTED.

Early in the Spring of 1837, two young men of this city, named John Rambo and Byron Cooley, went down on the Mississippi River, above New Orleans, to chop wood to sell to passing steamboats. After they had been there some few weeks, Cooley brought a female to his quarters, representing her as his wife.

After awhile they had a surplus of wood, more than the few steamboats of that day wanted, and it was agreed that Cooley should take a boat-load down to the New Orleans market, for sale. Rambo insisted, and urged Cooley to hasten back, as they had made all the money there they could; and he finally agreed that if Cooley did not return by a certain day that he, Rambo, should return home without him.

The day came, and Rambo hailed a passing steamer to land for him. Just before he went aboard, the female above mentioned handed him a breast-pin and finger-ring, requesting him to hand them to some of her relations, when he arrived here, which he did. He went to work, at once, at a white lead factory, which then stood on the south side of Fifth Street, about one square east of Broadway.

When Cooley returned to the cabin and found that Rambo had left, he immediately started for this city, and arrived here the second Sabbath after Rambo. Going at once to the house of Rambo's brother, who kept a grocery at that time, on the south side of Columbia (now Second), be

tween Race and Elm, and after finding out where his partner was at work, requested the brother to tell him that he had returned, and that he wanted to see him as they had such a good time down South together. After dinner young Rambo went down to see his brother, where he was told that By. Cooley had returned and wanted to see him. John went at once to Cooley's mother's house, and Cooley appeared very much pleased to see him, and after enjoying a good chat over the incidents of the trip, Cooley proposed that they should take a good long walk, and as the day was very sultry, he said that they would enjoy it better to go out into some cool, shady piece of woods. They started down Front street, and crossed over the old bridge, now the foot of Sixth street, and had proceeded about two miles, or to the old two-mile house, and then Cooley pointed out a place on the hill-side and remarked that that would suit him. They clambered up the hill-side through the iron-weed bushes, and found a log on which they sat down and enjoyed an old-fashioned chit-chat. Cooley took out a single-barreled pistol, and after carefully examining it, placed it to the side of his companion, and pulled the trigger, the ball entering his side and lodged in his liver. Rambo said, "Why, By., you have shot me," when Cooley turned upon him and kicked him twice with his heavy boots, and struck him a powerful blow with his fist, he being a large man, weighing about two hundred pounds, and twenty-two years of age, while Rambo was only a slight strippling of a boy, eighteen years of age, and weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds. The prostrate man, seeing that his supposed friend was determined to kill him, feigned death, remaining as nearly motionless as possible. After the brute had watched for some time to see if his work was completed, and seeming to be satisfied, he went away. The wounded man, who still retained his consciousness, was afraid to call for help for fear the wretch might be near at hand, and would return and certainly end him. About sundown Rambo called very loud for "help," and the appeal was heard by a boy at a house some distance off, who at once told his father; the latter, in company with another man, after much labor—it being now dark—found Rambo, when they at once asked him what was the matter. He told them his name, they being acquainted

with his brother, and that Byron Cooley had shot him, but for what reason he could not tell. As gently as possible, they carried the wounded man down to a public house, kept by "Old 'Squire Carnahan." Couriers, on fleet horses, were at once sent to apprise the family of their misfortune, and, in the course of an hour, Drs. Fore and Waldo arrived, and told Rambo that he would certainly die before morning, and if he had any dying declaration to make, that he must be speedy about it. Rambo asserted that they had not had a single word of dispute, that when Cooley placed the pistol to his side, he could easily have knocked it one side. Toward morning Rambo ceased to breathe. A few moments before his death, he held up his hands, perfectly conscious, and said: "I, John Rambo, knowing that I must die this night, declare before my Maker, that Byron Cooley, gave me—intentionally—the wound of which I am now dying, and that it was done with a single-barreled pistol, and that he then kicked me twice, and struck me a violent blow with his fist, and that I then feigned death to prevent my being further wounded, and that I am not aware of any cause, whatever, for his doing so, and this statement I make as my dying declaration, and that my mind is as clear and sound as before I received my fatal wound."

Thus perished John Rambo, a young man of much promise, and, to this day, not a word has ever reached the ear of the public to even hint at the cause of this fearful tragedy. As soon as the couriers arrived and told of the deed, and that Cooley had returned to the city, a large posse of impromptu officers at once organized to hunt up and arrest the fiend. The brother procured the help of Reuben Knox, a well-known constable, and with some five or six other officers and citizens, repaired to the residence of Cooley's mother for the purpose of making a thorough search of the premises. They had looked, as they supposed, from cellar to garret without success, and were about giving up, when the brother said he felt in every bone that the murderer was in the house from the strange actions of the mother, and that they had neglected to look in the closet under the stairway, and just as Knox opened the door the old woman blew out the candle, leaving them all in the dark. Knox at once closed and held the door until another light was struck, when he

again opened it, and away back in a small corner was squeezed Cooley. They at once ordered him to come out or they would shoot him where he was, and as resistance against so many was useless, he reluctantly obeyed. On searching him, the unloaded pistol, with which he had done the work, was found in his breast pocket, in one boot-leg he had a heavily-loaded horse-pistol, and in the other a bowie-knife, weighing about ten pounds. When brought from his place of concealment, he demanded what they arrested him for, and being answered that it was for murdering John Rambo, he said, rather abstractedly, "Did I kill him?" He was at once taken to jail, and shortly afterward had his trial, and being convicted of a cold-blooded, remorseless murder, was sentenced to be hung on the 25th day of November, at the same time as the notorious Washburn, but the latter being respited until the 6th day of January following, Cooley was therefore hung single. The spot chosen was the same as that for Washburn, Hoover and Davis, and, as already told, was at the foot of Walnut Hills, and old residents, until this time, in passing, almost invariably refer to the events. The execution of Cooley drew an immense crowd, but the criminal appeared at his ease, and when the drop fell, his neck was instantly broken so that he did not struggle the least in the world.

The whole multitude, with a unanimity of sentiment seldom witnessed, were of the opinion that he only met the punishment he so richly merited. Cooley died a firm and devout Catholic, and whatever confession he might have made, will forever rest in the bosom of the devout man—his priest.

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## ELIZABETH AMMONS MURDERED.

### THE GREEN TOWNSHIP HORROR.

On the 6th of December, 1841, the citizens of our quiet and orderly little neighboring township of Green were startled by the intelligence that one of their citizens, a female by the name of Elizabeth Ammons, had been most foully murdered by a man named James Spriggs. A crowd

soon gathered around the premises, when such a sight met their visions as was not soon to be forgotten. It seems that Spriggs, the murderer, and his victim had been acquaintances and formerly on good terms, but from some cause had a misunderstanding, resulting in a total abrasion of the friendship. Spriggs had been on a general spree for several days, and had several difficulties with various persons, and, it seems, finally concluded to go and vent the rest of his wrath on Mrs. Ammons. Repairing to her house, they soon became engaged in a general altercation, when the brave fellow mustered up enough courage to knock the unprotected woman down, and followed the valorous achievement by stamping and beating her until life was extinct. The wretch was arrested, tried, and sent to Columbus to serve the state the balance of his days, as a partial atonement for the offense he had committed against the laws of God and man.

From the construction of our laws and the interpretation put on them by our sharp lawyers and the courts, it is almost impossible to convict a criminal of murder in the first degree. He does his work without premeditation or malice, proves an alibi, or is temporarily insane!

Will the time ever come when the man who sheds the blood of his fellow man, be certain to meet the fate he deserves?

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## POOR BYINGTON MURDERED.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

One balmy September evening (the twenty-seventh), in the year 1846, several of our well known citizens, members of the glorious old "Rover" Fire Company, were walking down the West side of Main street, and had reached a point a few feet north of Third, when they chanced to meet a man coming up Main street. In attempting to give him room to pass one of the number named Edward Byington, accidently jostled against the fellow, whose name was Theodore Church. The latter demanded with an oath, why the party had pushed against him. Byington assured him that it was entirely accidental, that his foot had slipped on a piece of orange peeling on the sidewalk, and he could not avoid it. This frank

apology Church took as an evidence of cowardice, and commenced a most abusive tirade of epithets against the whole party, finally asserting that he was a Baltimorean, and he could whip any five men in Cincinnati. One of the party, a gentleman named Thomas Lawson, Esq., a member of one of our best families, here interfered and said there was not the least use of any controversy, as the whole affair was only a slight misunderstanding, and it was useless for gentlemen to dispute over such a trivial matter, and suggested that the whole affair had better be dropped. But this did not suit Church, and after the passage of a few more words, the latter drew a long-bladed knife and plunged it into the body of poor Byington; the latter, as soon as cut, ran across onto the south side of Third street, into the restaurant of Henry Alms, and exclaimed: "Henry, I am murdered," and fell on the floor and died in a few minutes.

Byington was highly respected as an upright, honorable, and useful citizen; was an active and prompt member of the old fire department, and his funeral was attended by a large concourse of firemen, and other societies of which he was a member; and as the solemn cortege passed the streets, carrying the lifeless clay of the once gallant and generous hearted friend, to its last tenement, many an eye was moistened by a silent tear at the loss of so true a friend. Church was arrested as soon as the deed was committed, and, in due course of time, had his trial, was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary for the short space of four years. The ground taken for the inadequate punishment of the crime, was, that it was only the effect of a sudden quarrel, which deprived it of the character of a murder. We wonder if poor Church was not temporarily insane! Reader, have you any idea that such a slight punishment has any tendency to prevent the commission of crime? If so, let me disabuse your minds, for there are hundreds of persons, who would take human life to gratify some lurking revenge, if they were only assured that they would have but the short term of four years to serve in the State's Prison.

## THE DEATH OF JACK REEVES.

About a quarter of a century since, there stood where the Burnet House now is, a large wooden building, known as Shires' People's Theater, which at that time was one of the principal places of resort for our more fashionable theater-going people. The house had been drawing very large houses under the management of a popular actor named Jack Reeves. One evening the house was crowded to excess, all was going "merry as a marriage bell," when Reeves took occasion to upbraid one of the female stock actresses for being entirely deficient in her part, and having to be prompted too much. Mrs. Cook (for such was her name), answered back rather pertly, such as only a woman can do, and Reeves told her that in future she must be up with her parts or leave the situation. Mrs. Cook, angry at being called to account for her deficiencies, went to her husband, who was also a member of his company, and told him of the quarrel with Reeves. Cook went at once to Reeves to demand an explanation, and was at once informed of the nature of the difficulty, but was not satisfied. Reeves and Cook then commenced bantering words, until it ended by stabbing Reeves to the heart with a knife. Cook fled to parts unknown, and has not been heard from since, and to this day the murderer of Jack Reeves remains unpunished.

Our most astute officers were placed at work to find him, and often as they supposed got on his track, but just as they would go to put their fingers on him, he would be like the Irishman's flea, "not there."

Mrs. Cook, who was very popular in her profession, of small, plump stature, with a beautiful and most pleasing face at once retired from the stage, and lived for many years in the family of one of our well known citizens, and for aught we know, may still be living there. She had early promise of one day being a leading actress, her only fault being a want of study of her piece, but her natural wit and personal acquirements made up for any such neglect. She was always sure to draw large houses from among our young men, and the only advertisement necessary was the announcement that she would appear. How soon our brightest hopes decay!

# THE HOMICIDE OF JOHN ADAM.

This tragedy took place in Millcreek township, and was one of the most cold-hearted murders it has been our lot to narrate.

John Adam had a dispute with a fellow-German, named Frederick Seitz—a man noted for the exercise of his terrible passions. This state of affairs lasted several days, when finally they met, on the 16th day of June, 1847, when the dispute was at once renewed, and finally ended in blows. Seitz got a round stick of hickory cord-wood and struck Adam on the head with it, felling him senseless to the floor Not wishing to be disappointed in his designs, or to leave his work half accomplished, he then shot him. It is hard for the human mind to depict murder under more brutal circumstances in its nature, than this one. Seitz was soon after arrested and placed on trial for murder in the first degree, and all felt that he would receive the sentence he so well deserved—that of death. But in this they were disappointed; for the jury only found him guilty of murder in the second degree. The cause of this lower grade of punishment was owing to the fact that some of the evidence was only circumstantial; and, although the proof of his guilt was as clear and certain as the moral law, he received (as he was entitled to) the benefit of any doubt; and to this fact he owed the saving of his worthless neck.

It was known that Seitz and Adam had been quarreling. and the former had repeatedly threatened, in the presence of many persons, to kill Adam; that he was found over the prostrate form of the murdered man (whose body was yet warm) with an unloaded pistol, which had just been discharged, as the barrel was still warm from the explosion, and the ball found in the body of Adam, just fit the revolver of Seitz: still no one saw him commit the actual deed; and on this small point his life was saved. Had any human eye seen Seitz actually do the deed, there is not any doubt that the murderer would have been hung. As it was, when the jury first balloted, eleven of them were in favor of hanging him, but the odd one, like the black duck, was in the way; and he finally induced his brother jurymen to agree to a verdict of murder in the second degree'

and Seitz was sent to the penitentiary for life, and is now there, hard at work in the cooper-shop—at least we are so informed.

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## MRS. HOWARD.

Sad indeed, was the nature of this case, and if we did not feel that our list would be incomplete without it, we would pass it over in silence.

A Captain Howard, had for many years been one of our most popular and clever steamboat men, who, command what craft he might, was sure to coin money. When a young man he married a most beautiful and estimable young lady, with whom he lived a life of seeming perfect happiness for years. Their union was blessed with two as beautiful and handsome children—a boy and girl—as could be found any where. For years Howard and his wife lived thus happily situated; and it seemed that their existence was one of unalloyed bliss, when suddenly a cloud arose which was to blight forever every prospect.

The trips of the Captain took him much longer than usual, and on many occasions the wife found that her husband's boat had been in port several days before he would come home, and repeatedly when he would bid her good-bye to go on a voyage, she would learn to her utter chagrin, that her husband would be in town several days before his departure, but did not come home. Mrs. Howard was a lady of rare refinement and culture, and an extremely sensitive nature, who would easily grieve over any neglect, even of the slightest nature.

Captain Howard's conduct at last induced his wife to mention to him about his being in town days at a time, without his coming to see her. He jocosely answered that he had to go to see his other wife some of the time. This brought tears to the eyes of the poor wife, and she entreated him with every inducement that a noble and virtuous wife could make, for him not to allow any shadow to darken their lives, which had thus far been so happy. Captain Howard let the entreaties of his wife pass unheeded, and finally failed to go home at all, and the poor heart-broken wife, who had been raised in the lap of luxury, found herself

alone with her children, deserted. Howard failed to supply her even with the necessaries of life, while he squandered his thousands on some poor, miserable creature, who cared naught for him longer than he had money to satisfy her vanity. Mrs. Howard was forced to take in sewing to get bread for her children. Oh! the heart-burnings, the anguish of the poor wife, none can tell who have not the misfortune to endure them. She went repeatedly to see her husband to entreat him to come back home to her and their dear children, and she would forgive the past, and we can look upon it as some strange dream, in which there was no reality. She sent him letters, such as only a poor grief-stricken wife can indite, begging him to remember the halcyon days of youth, of years that had found them so happy and comfortable. But he did not heed these touching entreaties—appeals that would have moved any but a heart of stone. A base, false woman had him under her control, and it seemed that fate appointed that he should be a ruined man. He spent so much time with the evil spirit of his life that he neglected his business, and soon lost his prestige of a good careful steamboatman, and the business community lost confidence in him, and he found himself a ruined man—socially and morally. Thus stood the situation for over two years—Mrs. Howard toiling night and day, gaining a mere pittance, enough for the support of her children; as for herself her wants were few indeed, as she looked on the future as worse than a blank.

Noticing her husband pass her house daily—he was not aware where she lived—she followed him and soon found that he was keeping some female in grand style. As might be supposed, smarting under her wrongs, this almost crazed her to think that she, the wife, should be striving night and day, to keep the wolf away from the door, while another was spending in luxurious idleness, the means which rightfully belonged to her, and her children. As adduced in evidence on the trial, she could not sleep, eat, or drink; and the more she brooded over her troubles, the more depressed her troubles became, until finally the spirit of revenge entered her bosom, and she determined to have redress. Putting on an old shawl she went down to where Howard made his headquarters, which was answered by a handsomely dressed female

coming to the door. She asked if Captain Howard lived there, and being answered in the affirmative, she asked if he was in; the woman answered he was not, but that she was Mrs. Howard, the Captain's wife, and that she could attend to any business she might desire. At this the poor wife infuriated beyond control, hastily drew a sharp knife from its concealment under her shawl, and with the power known only to a maniacal arm, plunged it into the neck of the woman who had blasted every prospect of the wife's life. Mrs. Howard made no attempt whatever to escape, but waited for an officer to come and arrest her, and she was lodged in the county jail, to await her trial for murder. She always asserted, and we have no reason whatever to doubt her word, that when she went to the house she had no idea of doing the least injury to the woman, that she went there to see her husband, tell him of her poverty, and try by every pleading of a true wife to win him to return to her and their children, and if he refused she then intended to kill him; but that when the woman, who had usurped her place, so boldly asserted that "*she*" was Mrs. Howard, her passions got the control of her, and she committed the deed for which she was tried. Previous to her trial and during her incarceration the wives and families of our very first citizens visited her and gave her assurance of their assistance and sympathies, and she was gratuitously supplied with the choicest luxuries of the market.

The day of trial came, and the court room of the old court house was densely packed with ladies who had never been there, or any place of the kind before; and, during the continuance of the trial nothing else was talked of but the "Howard case." Howard himself went to the court house several times, but the angry looks and menaces of our solid citizens soon convinced him that the atmosphere of the court house was not of a "congenial nature" to him at that time. The jury was composed of our good old solid farmers; the judge was as honest and upright as ever sat on any bench; the first legal talent of our city was engaged on one side or the other. After the most thorough search and examination of Mrs. Howard, in which it was proven that she was a most exemplary wife, the judge charged the jury, and the latter body retired,

and returned, in a short time, with a verdict of "not guilty," as she was insane.

An immense crowd was in waiting, and when the verdict was announced the men shouted, the ladies clapped their hands; all were overjoyed, and felt the verdict to be right. When the conclusion was read to Mrs. Howard, she clasped her hands, and in an attitude of prayer, with her eyes raised toward heaven, she said, "Thank God! myself and my children are vindicated." Not an eye but was moist; every heart beat in unison with her own. She at once left the city. Captain Howard went to Missouri, gave himself entirely up to strong drink, and died in a drunken brawl about a year afterward.

He made a will, bequeathing his entire estate, amounting in the aggregate to about one hundred thousand dollars, to his wife and children, who are now quietly living in a small western town, respected and beloved by all who know them.

Thus was a faithful wife avenged, and thus died a woman who endeavored to crush the hopes of a hitherto happy family, and thus miserably ended the life of a man who had sworn to cling unto one woman alone, and had broken his vow. "*Fiat justitia.*"

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## 1849—THE YEAR OF MURDERS.

It does seem that murders, suicides, and fires are of an epidemic character; and that if we have a large fire in our city we may expect to hear of similar misfortunes from every part of the country.

The self destruction mania seems to be governed by the same rules or influence. You read of a suicide, and you can hardly pick up a paper for weeks that does not contain an account of some fellow-creature shuffling off this mortal coil.

Murders are the same; when one occurs, others follow in quick succession, until the blood turns cold at reading the details of the tragedies.

The year 1849 will ever be remembered by our older citizens as the "Year of Murders;" more atrocious deeds of blood having been com-

mitted that year than during any similar period since our city was founded.

The cholera was raging with fearful violence during the summer of that year—hundreds were being carried to their graves; none knew but that it would be their turn next. This thought alone, it seems to any reasonable mind, would have had the effect of deterring any—even the most hardened wretch—from his wickedness; but it was not so, as the papers of that time were recording daily accounts of fearful murders enacted within our city limits, until the most sanguinary reader was surfeited with the details of the horrible affairs. We have already noticed the Howard tragedy, which happened this year, and we come to another, the

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## BRASHER TRAGEDY,

Equally as interesting. There was a widow lady residing in our city, by the name of Jones, a careful, industrious and prudent woman, who had been left a widow with two small sons to support. As soon as he was old enough, the eldest one, Jesse, was put out to learn the trade of a finisher. He was a smart, active, intelligent youth, with a good mind; and his quick attainment of a knowledge of every thing connected with the branch he was at, soon gained him the confidence of his employer, and the poor apprentice boy had oft repeated promises that if he would prove steady and work hard, he should, before many years, become a partner in the concern. Few boys, indeed, had a more cheering future; and the honest apprentice lad worked early and late in anticipation of the good time coming.

In an evil hour, however, young Jones got to spending his evenings away from home, with persons much older than himself; and his mother, with a sorrowful heart, noticed the change in his habits, and warned him, repeatedly, about running the streets at night, with a crowd of young fellows who might exert a very bad influence over him.

Time passed on, until one evening the son did not come home at all.

The mother became alarmed, went to the station house, and found her darling son incarcerated on the charge of burglary. There was the clearest proof of his guilt, as the watchman saw him enter the store, while his companions waited on the outside for the "swag." The officers surrounded the house, and captured Jones and one of his confederates; and they were both sent to the penitentiary for seven years.

Again Jones' good conduct saved him, as he only served out about half of his time, when he was pardoned; some influence, however, was brought to bear by the Methodist Church, of which his mother was a pious and good member; and it was natural for the communicants of that persuasion to sympathize with the poor, disconsolate widow. Young Jones returned to the city, and for a short time appeared like a reformed young man; but it was not long before he again loitered with his old companions, who were noted thieves; and he was repeatedly arrested, as being connected with different house-breaking operations, but somehow he was always smart enough to escape punishment, until at last he was seen to break open a store on Central Avenue—then called Western Row—but escaped capture at the time. Jones was known to pass much of his time at the house of one Mrs. Davis, on Elm street, several squares above the canal; and one evening a strong posse of officers was sent there to effect his arrest. Surrounding the house, they demanded admittance, which was refused until they threatened to break down the door, when the landlady consented to open it.

Jones, who was in the house, immediately retreated out of the back door, where he was confronted by two officers, Brasher and Fountain. Slipping past them, he was about escaping, when he was ordered to halt by the former, which he refused to do; officer Brasher then pursued, and was about to take him, which Jones saw, when he turned around with a cocked pistol in his hand and demanded of the officer his warrant, and that if he attempted to arrest him without a warrant he would kill him. Brasher was a brave man, and an excellent officer, and deemed the talk of Jones an idle boast, and commenced to advance, when Jones shot him down on the spot and escaped.

This was on the sixth of May, 1849, and no positive information was

gained of the prisoner's whereabouts until the latter part of the following summer, when a young man went into a coffee-house near the Sixth street market and called for something to drink, which was given him, and after loitering about the premises some time, he turned around to the officers and asked them if they knew who he was; they said they did not, when in a laughing way he said, "Why, I am Jesse Jones who killed Brasher, and for whom there is a reward of one thousand dollars offered." They laughed at the boast as a good joke for a half-drunken man, until an old officer happened to pass, who knew Jones, and arrested him at once. He was placed on trial for murder in the first degree, found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, where he is now working in the foundry department, a poor half-demented wretch. That he ought to have been hung, does not admit of a doubt.

We can not close this sketch without a word to the memory of poor John Brasher, the slaughtered watchman. Brasher was born and raised in Marietta, Ohio, where he enjoyed the entire confidence of all. He married and came to Cincinnati, a few years previous to his fatal end, and became attached to our police force. He was known as one of the best men on the force; and if there was a job needed working, which required unusual secrecy and intelligence, he was sure to be detailed for the purpose. We can not say where his family now reside, but trust that they are well settled, as his wife was a most exemplary woman, such as such a man deserved.

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[From the Cincinnati papers of July 21, 1849.]

## THE SUMMONS MASSACRE.

### A WHOLE FAMILY POISONED.

*An ungrateful son attempts to murder with poison his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, to gain possession of his father's estate.*

We are pained to hear of the poisoning of Capt. James Blair Summons and family, under circumstances which leave no doubt that the horrible

deed was committed by a drunken, half-crazed son, known as Capt. Jim Summons, jr.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the birth of one of the family, and all the immediate connections had been invited to dinner—the company consisting of Capt. J. B. Summons, the father; Mrs. Summons, the mother; Mrs. Reeves, an acquaintance; Robert Armstrong, a brother-in-law; Mrs. Mary Jane Armstrong, the sister; a little boy, the child of the latter, four or five years of age; Wm. Summons, a brother; and Paul Houston, a cousin.

The whole party appeared to be enjoying themselves finely, when in came Captain Jim, who went out into the kitchen, where the servant, an Irish girl, named Mary Clinch, was getting dinner. Mary was limping slightly, and Jim asked her what was the matter, when she told him she had run a rusty nail into her foot. He told her she must be very careful, or she would have the lock-jaw, and if she would go and get him a piece of fat bacon rind, he would show her how to use it, and prevent any danger or serious consequences. She went down stairs to where the meat was, and cut off a large piece, returning sooner than young Summons expected she would, and inquired what he was doing, when he replied that the tea-kettle was boiling over and he had taken off the lid to prevent it. Dinner was served; and shortly after, several of the family were taken sick, vomiting violently, and showing evident signs of great distress. The best physicians were sent for, who at once pronounced it a case of poisoning, and on an examination in both the tea-kettle and tea-pot, the water was found to be strongly impregnated with arsenic. The police was sent for, who, after some questioning of the servant girl above mentioned and others, deemed the evidence sufficient to warrant the arrest of the son. We will await further developments in the case with much interest, and promise to keep our readers posted in the whole affair. We do hope, for humanity's sake, that the son can clearly prove his innocence, as it is hard for us to picture a human mind so debased and degraded, even through the effects of strong drink, as to be induced to attempt to destroy the authors of his existence, his brother and sister, all merely for the sake of gold."

We have inserted the above to show the state of feeling at the time. Young Summons was soon after brought before D. T. Snelbaker, Esq., who at that time was a magistrate and had his office on the north side of Sixth street, between Main and Walnut (corner of Miller's alley), for the purpose of a preliminary examination. Mary Clinch, the servant girl, was called and gave evidence in accordance with the above statements. The druggist who sold the arsenic, swore positively to young Summons, as the man who had bought the poison from him, and there was much other such corroborating evidence, that so strongly evinced his guilt that the magistrate deemed it his duty to remand him to jail, without bail, to answer to the charge of murder in the first degree—Mrs. Reeves and the Armstrong child having died from the effects of the poison. Summons was brought before the Court of Common Pleas, and was defended by the ablest lawyers of our city; but the evidence of Mary Clinch, the druggist and others, was of so direct a character, that the jury returned a verdict of murder, and the poor wretch was sentenced to be hung. Thus far, his whole family had been opposed to him; but when they found that a son and brother would have to suffer, their hearts softened, and they commenced unceasing efforts for the commutation of his sentence, or the granting of a new trial. The culprit viewed the matter very complacently, and seemed to think that no matter what became of him he was all right. His apartment in the jail was most handsomely furnished, and his table was loaded with every luxury which money could purchase; and it is even asserted—we can not say with what truth—that he was allowed to accompamy a Deputy Sheriff down to the theater to witness the performance.

The proceedings of the lower Court were sent up to the Supreme Court of the State, and on a *very careful* examination of the case some trifling technical error was discovered, and young Summons was granted a new trial, and soon after, was released from prison on bail. Months passed by, and the case came up again. Mary Clinch was called as a witness, but no Mary appeared; and from that day to this, Mary's rich Irish brogue has not been heard in this city. In this case, poor "Mary Ann" was not a myth, and, if she left the city she was undoubtedly possessed

of more than means enough to pay her passage,—our opinion being that she is now keeping the house on some farm, for a gentleman she calls "dear Pat." Summons was again tried, but whether again sentenced to death we can not say; all we know is that he was finally sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and that he is now a cook or waiter in the mess room of that benign and benevolent institution. We have not the heart to dwell at great length over this case, as every feature connected with it is of such a revolting character, that, although all know James Summons to be guilty of the blackest crime that pen can describe, still we feel that the liquor must have partially demented him, and on this ground alone can we offer the least excuse for him. Look at his former career; the idolized pet of a doting mother, a father willing to give him all the spending money he wanted; a boat bought for him, of which he was Captain, he squandered away unable to give any account of. For years he led an idle, dissolute life, neglecting a wife who was as good and true a partner for a man as ever lived, until he determined to have his father's estate at whatever cost. We find young Summons, before he began his fearful career of intemperance, a kind and good-natured youth, obliging and polite, willing to assist and aid a friend in need at all times. But, like many other naturally good men, he fell a victim to one of the most awful curses that ever blighted the prospect of any person, or nation.

Many citizens blamed Mrs. Summons for her unceasing efforts to save her son from the gallows, asserting that he had forfeited all claims on her as a mother. If you have children of your own who are near and dear to you, mothers, place yourselves in that poor half-distracted woman's place, and ask your own hearts if you would not have done even more than she did, to save your own children, who were nurtured at your breasts, and whom you have in early infancy tossed up and down, and played with for hours at a time, until your arms would fairly ache? We had a case some time since, where the relations in court turned against one of their number; and they may have been correct in giving such voluntary testimony; does any one point to them as paragons of truthfulness, or as having set an example that is worthy to be followed?

C. N. Blackburn Jan. 6, 1881.



Human nature will be human nature, and when it comes to the test, we can not help feeling a deep attachment for those in whose veins course the same blood as in our own. Murder in general excites the most intense horror; but when that murder takes the form of a parricide or infanticide, it is looked on with still deeper feelings of the dreadful. Let a man commence beating his wife, and if an outsider interfere, he is sure to have both on him in a jiffy. You can depend on this being true, as the author on two occasions has had a practical demonstration of the fact. Remember, we do not hesitate to say that James Summons should have been hung by the neck, until he was dead, dead, dead; but we do say that the censures of our people toward his mother, for the evidence of her possessing a truly good and humane heart, are undeserved.

There was an attempt from certain quarters to cast the imputation, that the Irish domestic committed the deed. Such calumny is a foul slander on the character of one who, though poor, proved an excellent character for truthfulness and honesty; and as the whole Summons family always exhibited the greatest kindness to her, and treated her more as an equal than a domestic, and had never passed the least harsh word with her, there could not have been any motive, unless the same plea be extended for her that was used for Nancy Farrer—that she was insane; and any one who heard Mary's evidence, and the straight-forward manner in which it was delivered, would scout at any such an idea. So much for the Summons' Poisoning Case.

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## NANCY FARRER, THE POISONER.

HER VICTIMS OVER A SCORE.

### THE MODERN LUCRETIA BORGIA.

The dark deeds of this woman are so inexplicable that it is almost impossible to give an intelligible account of her mysterious workings.

Nancy Farrer was a domestic, who had lived in the families of quite a number of our citizens in the eastern part of the city, and from the

universally good deportment she exhibited, always became a great favorite. In November, 1851, she was working for a family named Forrest, and on the last day of the month, the family were all taken sick, vomiting and in great bodily pain. Competent physicians were sent for, who after a careful examination, pronounced it a case of poisoning by arsenic, and gave the proper remedies as a means of relief; but the boy James Wesley Forrest, died on the 1st day of December, suffering more than any pen can portray. Of course the great question was, who could be so steeped in sin, as to commit such a deed. No one was suspected, as the family were not aware of having an enemy in the world. But the old adage, "murder will out," held good in this case, and the whole transaction leaked out as it were by accident, and the unerring finger of fate pointed to the murderer. A lady in whose family Nancy had formerly lived as a domestic, was acquainted with Mrs. Forrest, and was there to visit the sick persons in their distress, when she remembered that her family had been similarly attacked, and that she had lost her sweet little daughter Annie; this remark brought on a general discussion, and it was soon discovered that wherever Nancy had worked there had been similar cases. In two places the wives had been the victims, and in every other some of the children. Of course this raised a general suspicion against her. But the question was what object could the woman have, for such a wholesale slaughter? The police were sent for with the request that they make a careful investigation of the whole affair, which they did, and the proof against the servant girl soon heaped up mountain high, and she was arrested, and after a preliminary examination before Mayor H. E. Spencer, whose court was then a substitute for the police court, she was remanded to jail to await her trial for murder.

The appearance of the woman excited a general interest, more especially as it was known that her lawyers intended to rest their case mainly on the ground that she was insane. She was a thick-set, stout built woman of Irish origin, but the most remarkable point was the distance between her eyebrows, across the bridge of her nose, it being about four times as great as in any ordinary person. It is true, it gave her a very

singular look, and many considered it a positive proof that she was demented. The faculties of our colleges were called in, and they all said that this feature did not necessarily interfere with her reason, that it was a most singular appearance, but that they would consider her of sound mind.

When the day of trial came the court house was densely packed with both sexes, all anxious to see this monster—the greatest in her line, of modern times. Nancy was brought into court, and appeared as composed, as though she were only pursuing the common avocations of life, being apparently the least interested of any person there. How much of this was put on for the occasion we leave the reader to judge. Several times when witnesses were testifying, she would look up and smile, such a smile that showed she was dead to every instinct of the better kind. The jury was composed of as good men as our country affords, and they during the trying ordeal of many days duration, never allowed a word of the evidence to escape them. From the very first the interest increased rather than diminished. At last the evidence was finished, and the attorneys, both for the state and the defense, appealed in most eloquent terms to the jury. The judge gave his charge, and the jury retired; after a deliberation of about an hour they returned with a verdict of murder in the first degree. The writer was present when the verdict was announced, and carefully scrutinized the countenance of the prisoner, and the deep anguish there exhibited, was the clearest proof that she was as sane as the ordinary run of people. She appeared to a certain extent to awaken to the dreadful situation in which she was placed. In a few days she was brought out to receive her sentence, which was that, "She be taken from here to the county jail, and there confined until the fifth day of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, when she be taken from there by the sheriff, to the proper place of execution, and that she be hung by the neck until dead." But in this case, as in many others, the hangman was destined to be cheated out of his own. Long petitions were circulated praying the Governor to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life; her lawyers tried by every hook and crook, known only to that corps, to have the higher courts grant a new trial.

The day was close at hand when the execution was to have taken place, when the Governor sent down his order, changing the sentence to imprisonment for life, and Nancy Farrer was taken to Columbus to remain as long as she lives, and she is now there engaged in serving, and appears to be perfectly satisfied with her situation. The keepers all assert that they have yet to see the first signs of insanity, and that she talks as rationally on any subject, as any other person, and that she is one of the best hands there. It is probable that her designs for perpetrating her wholesale murders, will ever remain locked up in her own bosom, and that she will carry to the grave the secrets of her mysterious doings. Many theories have been advanced as to the motives which actuated her to slaughter so many persons, from whom she had ever received the kindest treatment. The most probable is this—that the human mind may from any untoward circumstance become morbid, and finally result in a state of semi-insanity, which ends in a willingness to carry out any hobby which may be paramount. The error in the case in question is this: if she was really guilty in her sane mind of the charges preferred against her, she should have been executed. If she was crazy and was not an accountable being, she ought to have been sent to the lunatic asylum, where the kind and skillful treatment she would have received from Dr. Langdon, would have restored her to reason, if any thing would, and he could soon have discovered whether she was sane or insane. Take it all in all we have never had another case in the records of our criminal history which presented so many unaccountable points—the whole thing from the beginning to the end is an unfathomable mystery.

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## PETER DAVISON, A WATCHMAN, KILLED.

On the 18th of June 1850, Van Amburg's Circus was giving an exhibition on a vacant lot, on the square bounded by Vine, Race, Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. Peter Davison and Alexander Dalzell, two city watchman, were employed at the circus to keep order and seat the visitors. The tent was densely packed, and the officers were trying to find

seats for some ladies. There was a young man sitting down in a very pleasant place, and the officers ordered him to vacate the seat that one of the ladies might occupy it. To this he demurred, and said he had paid his money the same as the rest, that he had come early to be sure of getting a good place, that he had a right to his position, and he would not give it up. One of the officers said that if he did not move he would pull him out. He remained and the officers undertook to forcibly eject him, and he resisted as much as was in his power; one of the officers then struck him on the head with a billy, and at this the young man drew a heavy bowie-knife, and, in the twinkling of an eye, stabbed both the officers. Such a scene as this, where there was such a throng, created the wildest excitement, and for a few moments it seemed that the crowd would take summary vengeance on the young man by lynching him on the spot. The tumult finally subsided, the wounded men were removed to their residences, and the criminal arrested by other officers. At the station-house he gave his name as John C. Walker, and that he was a student attending lectures at the Ohio Medical College. Davison died shortly after he was removed to his house; Dalzell lingered on the verge of the grave for many weeks, but finally recovered.

In due course of time, Walker was placed on trial before the Court of Common Pleas, and the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," it being justifiable homicide, committed in self-defense.

There are many ladies who make it a point, in going to any place of amusement, or even to church, to spend the time at the toilet or elsewhere, until the performance is about one-third over, when they come sauntering in, expecting persons who have been more active, and arrived at the proper hour, to vacate their seats in favor of them. This is one of the most unjust and senseless practices we can conceive of, and we feel that the ladies who came into that circus are partially accountable for the death of Davison. We do not like to dwell on the proprieties of household affairs, but we do long to see the time arrive when females—our wives, our mothers, sisters and daughters, will appreciate the fact that they have no right whatever to demand of anyone things that are unjust.

## JAMES McCABE KILLS JOHN HARRISON.

### THE KNIFE AGAIN AT WORK.

The 29th of April, 1849, witnessed a scene of murder rarely equaled. Two men, James McCabe and John Harrison had a dispute about some slight misunderstanding. The parties hitherto had been on very intimate terms, having many little business transactions together. The day of the fatal work they had each of them been drinking lightly, enough, however, to make them in an extremely bad humor. Harrison asserted to McCabe that the latter had not dealt fairly and honestly with him in some transactions. McCabe said it was a lie, that he had always dealt perfectly fair. Harrison then struck McCabe, when the latter out with a knife and plunged it to the hilt in the body of the former. Harrison staggered back with the exclamation, "You have killed me," and shortly expired. McCabe was arrested and released on bail to make his appearance at the next term of the Criminal Court.

In proper time he was tried and found guilty of manslaughter under extenuating circumstances, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years. It seems to any candid mind, that such a trivial and inadequate punishment is evidence that we hold the value and sacredness of human life at a very small figure. It is true that, in this case, there was not the least evidence of premeditation or malice, but the law should be so severely administered that men will be deterred from murdering their fellow-men, because perchance they may have some dispute with them. There is no doubt but that McCabe should have been sent to prison for life; such an example, once in a while shown, would have the effect of diminishing our murder record. We do not need a great number of laws, but what we do have, should be executed to the letter.

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## MICHAEL VESSEY BUTCHERED.

John Connell and Michael Vessey met in a coffee-house on the 28th of September, 1850; both had taken a good share of the "Oh-be-joyful,"

and were as merry "larks" as are often seen. One was from Tipperary, and the other was from County Kerry, Ireland. Now be it known, that for generations, the most bitter feud has existed between the people of these two sections, and many has been the time when selected parties met, armed with "Paddy's gun," a "shillelah," to decide which was the better of the two. As soon as Connell found out that Vessey was from Kerry, he commenced to taunt him with the faults and follies of his people. From common generalities, they got to the most bitter personalities, and finally agreed to settle the matter with a little set-to, and, more like dumb brutes than human beings, Connell seeing that he was rapidly being used up, and that he was no match for his powerful adversary, pulled out an enormous knife and cut his contestant almost in twain. Of course the latter died instantly. As soon as Connell saw what he had done he made his escape, and months elapsed before the slightest clue was obtained as to his place of concealment. A man who had known him previous to his committing the murder, happened to be up the Big Sandy River, at the town of Pikeville, when whom should he see but the murderer. He immediately informed the authorities about the murder, and Connell was placed in jail until the requisition from the Governor of Ohio was received, when he was delivered to two of our officers and brought to this city for trial. Connell's appearance was of the most forbidding kind; a face like a cast of iron, hard and unrelenting. He was tried for murder in the first degree, but the jury gave it the next lower grade, and he was sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and is now there hard at work. After Connell committed the murder many things came to light to show that Connell had previously committed crimes of one kind or another, but you give a dog a bad name and every body raises the cry of "mad dog."

While on the cars with the deputy sheriff, going to Columbus, he made his boasts that he would be reprieved in less than one year, but as he still remains there, we can judge how sadly disappointed he was.

# MICHAEL LYNCH MURDERS HIS WIFE.

## A WIFE'S BRAINS BEATEN OUT WITH A CLUB.

It does not seem possible that a man can take a woman to be his wife, and then be found so callous of his own vows as to commit personal violence on her; but we see to our sorrow that such is unfortunately the case, and daily our papers give accounts of wife whippers. Michael Lynch had married Honora McCafferty, one of those rare beauties found among the Irish people alone. Shortly after marriage they came to America, the land of golden dreams, to seek their fortunes. Michael soon got into good employment, the wife took in washing as her share, and it seemed that they were soon to be able to purchase a nice little farm somewhere. Thus far not a hard word had ever passed between them, and it appeared that their union was one of a peculiarly fortunate character. But how soon our brightest hopes decay! In an unguarded moment, Michael became addicted to the use of strong drink, and his whole nature soon changed, and his conduct toward his wife was as radically different from what it was when he was a sober man as could be. Often he would go reeling home, and as soon as he got there he would commence his abuse, often finishing by giving her a terrible beating. Many times has the name of Michael Lynch appeared on the police report, charged with "whipping his wife." Thus we see a wife, who has started on the sea of matrimony with the fairest visions of future happiness, have her happiness, have her glorious anticipations vanish. The treatment of the husband continued to be of a more severe character until the sixth day of February, 1851, when it appeared that some incarnate fiend had taken possession of the man's nature, and converted him into some hideous demon, such as we read of in Shakspeare. On this day Lynch commenced his cruel torture of his wife, knocked her down and stamped her until she was almost dead. As soon as consciousness returned, the poor women got up and went and laid down on the bed. The husband wanted to know why she was lying there wasting her time, and ordered her to get up at once. This she could not do, as she was so weak as hardly to be able to raise

her hand, and she told him she could not as she thought she was dying. "Dying," says he, "I don't want any of your lies. Why don't you do as I tell you, and get up this moment!" The only answer was a sigh from a bosom whose spirit was already lingering on the great future. Lynch was determined to be obeyed, and went to the fire-place and picked up a stick of round hickory wood, and went to the bed and again ordered his wife to get up, but no answer came from the unconscious being, when he struck her several powerful blows on the head, crushing the skull entirely. The deed was done and Honora Lynch was a corpse. What must have been the feeling of this man when he saw that he had taken the life of his wife? Lynch was arrested, tried, and convicted of murder in the second degree, and sent up for life. Here we have the termination of one of those fatal family broils that we so often read of. Lynch deserved to be executed, and it is a burning shame that he was not.

## A MAN MURDERED IN HIS OWN STORE.

HIS BRAINS MASHED OUT WITH A FOUR POUND WEIGHT.

### ISAAC C. McDONALD THE MURDERER.

About twenty years since there lived in this city three brothers—Green, Isaac and Joseph McDonald—and if ever a trio of human fiends lived they were. The father and mother were very respectable people, well thought of by all who knew them, but the sons were as different as it was possible to be. Green was a noted burglar and was sent to Columbus for some of his operations; but his sister who was a most highly accomplished and beautiful lady, went to the Governor with tears in her eyes, and plead so hard and pathetically for the pardon of her brother that the Chief Executive could not resist the appeal, and the notorious Green McDonald was once more permitted to breathe the pure air of freedom. This wretch was, one evening, standing with three or four of his chums opposite the Fifth street market-house, when a

gentleman came along whom they at once determined to rob. They attacked the man who proved to be a brave, plucky fellow, and was not overcome without a powerful resistance. This angered Green so much that he determined to take summary vengeance on him, and barbarously punish his victim. So they tied his hands together behind him with a strong piece of rope, and carried the poor fellow over into the market-house and hung him upon one of the hooks, the same as the butcher does a piece of beef. In those days we had no gas lighted streets, very few watchmen, and the poor fellow hung there in that horrible situation for several hours, in fact, until one of the butchers came, about daybreak, when he was released.

Isaac McDonald, the next brother, was often arrested for various crimes, most generally, however, of a lighter nature, although none doubted his willingness to commit any offense, provided it would only further any of his designs or intentions.

One evening in the early part of the year 1852, he went into a confectionery on the north side of Fifth street, east of Elm, and asked the proprietor, who was an Italian, for some whisky. The latter replied that he did not keep any thing to drink excepting wine, and that he only sold that by the bottle, not to drink on the premises.

McDonald said he came there for some whisky, and he was going to have it, or have a fight. From this the two commenced quarreling, and at last the store-keeper told him that if he did not leave he would get a watchman after him. This so infuriated Isaac that he attacked the Italian, but the latter being a large, powerful fellow, soon got the better of the contest. At this McDonald picked up a four pound weight, which happened to be on the counter, and with all the force he possessed, struck the poor vender of apples and nuts in the head with it, fracturing his skull so badly that he died in a few minutes. McDonald made his escape, but was soon after arrested by Marshal Ruffin and held to answer to the charge. On trial the plea of self defense was set up, and the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and the Judge sentenced McDonald to one year's confinement.

With the exception of the Maythes family we think our city has never

been cursed with the equal of the McDonalds. They hesitated at nothing. For the sake of money they would have butchered their nearest friend or relative; but they are all dead now, and our city is not any the worse off.

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## SOLOMON COOK SLAUGHTERS LUKE CORD.

### A BUTCHER-KNIFE AT A PREMIUM.

The parties in this transaction were well known, and had borne rather good characters. From some cause or other these parties had become bitter enemies, and often had quarrels—a war of words—but it always ended here, and resulted in nothing serious. On the 15th day of February, 1851, the parties again came in contact and the old dispute was renewed more fiercely than before. At last they clinched and in the melee Cook pulled out of a sheath, a large butcher knife, and gave Cord a most terrible blow with it, making a wound from which the latter died in a few minutes. Cook was arrested, but having powerful and influential friends, was permitted to furnish bail for his future appearance, thus reducing his crime in the eyes of the law, one grade. When the time of trial came Cook appeared in the most genteel manner, and if you had not known he was the criminal, he would have been the last man in the world you would have taken for a murderer.

The position of the parties caused a constant and anxious crowd to be in attendance, and the lawyers for the defense, exerted every influence to have the crime rank as manslaughter, but the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree, and the prisoner was sentenced to imprisonment for his natural life.

From the hitherto unimpeachable character of the criminal, a decided interest was felt by many of our citizens, and long petitions, numerously signed by our merchants and solid men, asking for executive clemency were forwarded, but without avail, and until this time no effort has been successful toward securing his release. Had he not had

the murderous knife with him, he could not have committed the murder, and this case is strong proof of the bad influence and effect of any one carrying concealed weapons about his person.

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## ALICE NACE, A MURDERESS.

Reader, as you pass over the canal bridge at Elm street, you will see on the upper side to your right, next to Foster's extensive steam stone works, a couple of two story brick houses built exactly alike, which have long been known as the twin bricks. Along about the year 1850, they were occupied by the lowest grade of degraded females, and many were the scenes of blood which took place there. A young and most beautiful girl, by name Alice Nace, had been enticed away from her home in a small country town in the center of the state, and taken to this vile den of iniquity.

As soon as the poor thing found that she was forever lost, and felt that let her atone as much as she might, she would not be received again into society, she gave herself up to all the excess and debaucheries of a Cyprian, and none could outdo her in crime. On one occasion she had a dispute with a gambler, and shot him with a small Derringer pocket pistol in the neck; the wound did not prove fatal however. On another occasion, in a dispute with a frail sister, an inmate of the same house, Alice struck her with a chair on the head, producing a serious wound. In fact, the beautiful Alice had gained such a notoriety for being "on the muscle" that few were found willing to enter into any dispute with her.

One day she was standing down on the canal bank with another female, when a controversy arose as to whom a certain pair of kid gloves belonged to, and Alice getting very excited, pulled out a long keen edged dagger, and with one stroke, cut her unfortunate companion a blow which reached almost from the right shoulder to the left hip. The wound was necessarily instantly fatal. Alice, at once, made her escape, and, although a heavy reward was offered for her apprehension,

she has never been brought to justice to this time. We can not forbear narrating some of her history after the murder, as narrated to us by an old and well known ex-police officer. As soon as she had committed the deed, she fled to the wild and mountainous regions of East Tennessee, where she engaged in teaching school, a position she was perfectly competent to fill, as she had the advantages of a superior education. After she had remained there a few months, from some cause she became convinced that her whereabouts was discovered, and she at once removed to Fort Smith, Arkansas. Here she again became a school-teacher, and became very much respected. After remaining here for some time, her beauty and accomplishments attracted the attention of a talented young Episcopal clergyman, and he commenced paying his addresses to her and at last solicited her hand in marriage, but got a negative, or at least, an evasive answer. He still endeavored, by every means in his power, to gain her favors, but all without avail. At last, she narrated to him the whole of her past history, giving him a truthful account of her previous life, but intimating that she was an entirely reformed woman. The clergyman, admiring her frankness and candor, still insisted on her becoming his wife, and they were united in marriage, and they are now settled in another state, she as the mistress of a parsonage, and her husband has a wide extended reputation as an eloquent and logical minister. Thus we see one who was for a time lost to society, restored to the association of respectable people, and now acting the part of a good and pious woman. Would that we were able to record many such cases!

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## THE MURDER OF GEORGE TABOR.

Another scene of blood took place at the twin bricks, shortly after the Nace tragedy, which resulted in the death of a young man named Tabor. Tabor belonged to a family of most excellent reputation, but had got into a habit of associating with persons of a low and degraded class.

One evening he was at the miserable den above mentioned, when from some cause he became involved in a dispute with another person. After

disputing a few moments, the man drew out a pistol and shot Tabor in the head, from the effects of which he died in a few minutes. Several parties were arrested as being concerned in the affair. The women were all called up as witnesses, but they could not be induced to throw any light on the affair, and all the arrested parties were therefore discharged.

The fate of young Tabor should be a warning to all our young men, against falling into dissolute company, or contracting habits of an injurious character. Tabor, when he arrived at the age of twenty-one, was as highly respected as any young man in the city, moving in the same circle of society. But in an unguarded moment, he commenced associating with the vilest class of either sex, and became a constant visitor of the lowest dens of iniquity in the city, and it was soon apparent to all that he was a ruined man. Be careful to avoid taking the *first step* on the downward road and you are safe; but once make the start and the descen is most rapid, and the consequences certainly fatal.

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## BIDDY FURY

Was the name of the woman who kept the notorious bagnio where Tabor was shot, and we feel that our record would be incomplete without some mention of her.

Biddy was the daughter of a well known and popular Irish citizen, and when a mere lass became an inmate of houses of the lowest order. At last she became mistress of the twin bricks, and her name soon became as popular in the Police Court records as household words. In the course of a few years she amassed quite a fortune by her wicked calling, and moved to Toledo, Ohio, where she opened one of those gaudy houses, with which all cities are unfortunately cursed. She had not been there long when she had an altercation with one of her girls, and stabbed her to the heart. She was sent to the penitentiary for a few years, and when she got out she went to New Orleans where she opened another den of sin, over which she still rules.

# HENRY LECOUNT TRIED AND EXECUTED.

## HE SWEARS TO KILL A MAN, AND KEEPS HIS WORD.

In the year eighteen hundred and forty-five, a man named Henry LeCount, *alias* Henry LeCompte, was arrested as being connected with a murder which took place under the following circumstances:

LeCount and a lot of his fellows had congregated at a bar-room opposite the Mohawk bridge, as was their nightly custom. Toward midnight they became engaged in a general fight, and LeCount and another man took a poor half drunken man and threw him into the canal, and as his intoxication made him perfectly unable to assist himself, he was drowned. At the trial a man named William Clink, who had witnessed the whole transaction, was called upon as a witness, and his testimony was of such a positive character, that LeCount was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for seven years.

LeCount asserted that Clink had sworn falsely against him, that he had perjured himself to have him convicted, and that if he ever got out he would kill him the first time he saw him. Although LeCount was known to be a desperate man, and a hardened villain, all thought that his wrath would cool down by the time he had served out his sentence. The seven years rolled around, and LeCount returned to the city, and had only been here a short time, when he met Clink on Vine street below the canal. Clink was driving a dray, and LeCount took one of the dray pins, and commenced a murderous attack, felling Clink senseless at the first blow. Not satisfied with beating him with the dray pin, he took a large bowlder paving stone, and crushed Clink's head into a perfect jelly. Officers happened to be near, and at once arrested the homicide. This took place on the 4th of May, 1852, and in June, LeCount was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung in the jail-yard on the twenty-sixth of the following November.

The legislature of the state, had some years before enacted a law requiring all executions to be private, and LeCount was the first person

thus executed. On the day of the execution an immense crowd gathered around the jail, which was then situated on Sycamore street North of the canal. The house-tops and windows in the vicinity were crowded with persons, anxious to catch even a glance at the man who was so soon to die.

LeCount was a large, fine looking fellow, and ascended the scaffold with a firm tread, seemingly having made up his mind to die bravely. In his address to those present, he acknowledged that he had lived a life of great wickedness, that from his earliest manhood, he had been accustomed to every grade of crime, and that he richly deserved his fate. He said his father and mother, who were good, pious people, died when he was only ten years old, leaving him alone to buffet with the cold and heartless world; being without any restraining influences, when a mere boy he became the associate of the lowest dregs of society, and naturally became accustomed to every species of vice and crime. LeCount's conduct in jail was of such a character, that all became deeply attached to him, so much so that when the time of execution arrived, they all shed tears as if their brother was about to fall.

If young LeCount had been placed in one of our orphan asylums at the time of his parents' death, where he would have been under proper restraint, and when of suitable age had been bound out to learn some useful and profitable business, he would in all probability have been an honest member of society and escaped the unhappy and unfortunate end he met. From all the evidence we can gather, we are inclined to think that LeCount was not naturally a vicious man; his jailers say he was as tender and affectionate as a child. In youth he missed parental control, the mother was in the cold ground, and her quiet influence for good was lost; and there was no father in this world to enforce obedience and the observance of correct habits, and he went to ruin.

# TWO POLICE OFFICERS MURDERED.

THEIR DEATH A MYSTERY.

## THEIR MURDERERS NEVER DISCOVERED.

The duty of a guardian of the night is a very laborious one, filled with many dangers and excitements. We are accustomed to go to bed nightly with a feeling of comparative safety; this arises from the fact that we are aware that the faithful watchman is on the constant alert, traversing his beat, and guarding the lives and property of the community. Often have we awakened in the night and heard the rap of the club, and the steady measured tread of the watchman, and felt a sort of safety which we can not describe. One morning in the year 1846, the body of a watchman named Davis, was found behind the fence in the old graveyard, now the Washington Park. He had been shot by some one and his body thrown over the fence. None of the citizens heard any report of the pistol, and as Davis had no fire-arms with him, it was conclusive evidence that he had not committed suicide. A large reward was offered for any clue to the murderer, but thus far the whole affair is wrapt in mystery.

Strawther, another watchman was found murdered a few weeks afterward on Baum street, above the water works. He had been stabbed to the heart, and his body was discovered early next morning by a paper carrier. He was a most excellent man without an enemy in the world, and the supposition was that he had arrested some burglar, in the act of housebreaking, and that watching his chance the thief had plunged the knife into his heart. It does seem very strange that the least inkling could never be gained, as to who murdered these two men, and as so many years have elapsed since the murders took place, it is rather unlikely that any information will ever come to light to reveal the strange proceeding.

# THE WOMAN FOUND IN THE CANAL.

## WHO WAS SHE?

Some years since the cry of murder was heard as proceeding from the canal bridge on Vine street. Officers who heard the cry—which was that of a female—immediately hastened to the spot, but when they got there all was quiet, and they could not discover any thing of an unusual character. The next morning, however, a pool of blood was to be seen on the sidewalk about half way up to Twelfth street, and traces of some one having been dragged down as far as the canal bridge. The canal was dragged, but nothing was discovered. About two months afterward the water was let out of the canal for the purpose of cleaning out the mud from the bottom, when the body of a female was discovered, half imbedded in the mud. On examination her skull was found to be badly fractured, and a long, deep knife wound in her breast. On searching her clothing, which was of the neatest and best character, a handsome gold watch, and a pocket-book containing over five hundred dollars were found, and she had on a richly set diamond breast pin, and a soltaire ring of the same precious stone. These things being all found on her, at once precluded the idea that robbery was intended, and her extremely neat dress, gave the clearest proof that she was not a woman of the town. It was, doubtless, a case of a domestic nature, wherein the husband, from some cause, determined to take the life of his wife. Whether they were citizens of the city or strangers there was no way of telling. The case was one which excited a deep interest, and persons living in that vicinity often talk the matter over and wonder who the poor, unfortunate woman was.

The money found on her person, was used to give her a respectable burial, and the jewelry was sold, and the proceeds placed in the public poor fund.

# THE DEITZ TRAGEDY.

This affair took place on the 14th day of March, 1852, and was a cold-blooded, heartless murder.

George Deitz and Lawrence Kenner were both paying their attentions to one young lady, who seemed disposed to favor the suit of the former. Kenner seeing that he was losing ground in the eyes of the fair one, determined to have revenge.

One evening, while on a visit to the young lady, he told her that if he could not have the pleasure of calling her wife, no other man ever should. The young lady wished to know what he meant. He said he loved her almost to distraction, that for years he had lived in the enjoyment of the thought of calling her his, and he said he would kill any man rather than lose her. Months went by, and the bitterest feeling existed between the two men. Kenner learned that Deitz and the lady were to be married in a short time, and they, meeting in the western part of the city one day, accidentally, the quarrel was renewed with the most bitter animosity by both parties. Kenner was just enough under the influence of liquor to be capable of committing any deed. After a short time their war of words ended in blows, and Kenner, true to his expressed resolve, drew a long-bladed knife and stabbed his rival to the heart.

The murderer did not make the least attempt to escape, but waited for the officers to come and arrest him. He was tried for murder, and sent to prison for life. From the time he committed the deed until he was forever locked up in the penitentiary, he never expressed a regret for his conduct, and seemed to think he had done right. It was a favorite saying of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, that woman or wine was found at the bottom of every crime, and it is as true now, that when crime is analyzed, one or the other of these has been the cause, direct or indirect.

# POSTMASTER HALL SHOT.

TWO WELL-KNOWN CITIZENS IN A DIFFICULTY—FAMILY QUARRELS THE CAUSE.

When "Old Zack." succeeded the Mexican hero, Franklin Pierce, in the Presidential chair, he removed George Crawford, and appointed Major William Oliver postmaster. The latter soon dying, the vacancy was filled by his son-in-law, James C. Hall, a citizen of many years standing in our city. Mr. Hall resided on the north side of Fourth street, a short distance east of Pike, and had for neighbors a family named Ames. Mr. Ames was an old citizen, who came here at an early age, engaged in the pork-packing business, and after many years close application, had retired with a very large fortune. Mr. Ames had one son, Fisher W., a young man who had studied medicine, and had just entered on the practice of his profession. Between this young man and Hall, from some cause, a very bitter feeling existed, and they often had disputes of a nature more forcible than polite. One day Hall was coming along swinging a very large gold-headed cane, as was his custom, and Ames, who was so near-sighted as to be unable to distinguish any object distinctly a few feet off, thought Hall was coming at him with the cane. Ames drew out a small pocket pistol and shot his antagonist in the breast. The wounded man was carried into his own house, which was only a few steps off, and the famous old Dr. Mussey called, who, by his wonderful skill, was enabled to extract the ball, and, finally, to entirely cure his patient. Ames was tried for shooting with intent to kill, but being defended by Judge Johnson—he of Yellow Creek speech fame—was acquitted.

The attorney, who had used all his power in behalf of the prisoner, charged the father, by whom he was engaged, twenty-five hundred dollars. The old gentleman, who loved money, would not pay the bill, and put all his property out of his hands so that they could not make him pay it. But you know that, as John Unit says, "It don't pay to fight these 'ere lawyers," as they have made a rule that occupation is nine points of the law, and they are sure to have their shanties squatted

down on the premises in question. Judge Johnson sued Ames, had the transfer of the property set aside, and got his fee in full. Moral—if you want to be wise, don't fight the gentlemen of the green-bag fraternity; if you do, you can depend on coming out second best.

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## THE KNOW-NOTHING MANIA.

### A WHITE HAT CAUSES THE DEATH OF TWO MEN.

From 1853 to 1856, what was known as the Know-Nothing organization, had its ramifications in all parts of the country. Their secret councils nominated tickets which were almost sure to be elected, and the whole affair was the most completely organized of any political arrangement ever in our country. There was a small, white, soft hat worn by the members of this order, almost exclusively, and from this fact was called the "Know-Nothing Hat."

On the 4th of July, 1854, a large crowd had congregated opposite the Burnet House, in front of the Belvidere, now Heidelbach, Seasongood & Co's. wholesale cloth-house, for the purpose of seeing the procession pass. A crowd of the sporting fraternity were standing there, all with the famous little nobby hat, and near by was a crowd of Irishmen. As prejudices in those days ran high, it was not long before the parties became engaged in angry dispute. One of the Irishmen took one of the hats from some member of the other party and stamped it with his feet. At this the latter drew a large knife and almost instantly killed two of them. The general belief was, that a man named Harden had done the fatal deed, but in the excitement all escaped. Harden, who was a river man, went South and did not return for some time, and when he did, he was arrested, but the evidence was of so contradictory a nature that the police-judge considered it his duty to discharge the prisoner.

## THE KNOW-NOTHING ELECTION RIOT.

At the April election, in the year 1855, James J. Faran was the Democratic, and James D. Taylor, chief editor of the Times, the American candidate for the office of Mayor. Fighting commenced early in the morning at the different polls, which at last ended in a general riot at the polls of the Eleventh ward, foot of Vine street hill. In this fight the foreman of Frank Linck's Brewery was stabbed and killed, and although several parties were arrested as participants in the matter, it could never be ascertained exactly who did the cutting.

In the Fourth ward an old and valuable citizen named Bleaks, over seventy-five years of age, was knocked down by a man named Duffie; the act was no sooner committed, than a man named Oscar Jackson plunged a bowie knife into the side of Duffie, which, however, did not prove fatal. Jackson escaped for a time, but was finally arrested and placed on trial; the evidence would not justify the examining court in holding him for trial, and he was discharged.

Jackson went from here to Michigan, and became leader of a notorious gang of horse thieves, and in one of his expeditions murdered a man in cold blood and without any cause. He was arrested and placed in jail, but a mob congregated, took him out of prison, gave him a hearing Judge Lynch presiding, found him guilty and swung him from the nearest tree. Jackson had always proved to be a very bad man, and none doubted that by his terrible life he deserved death long before he met his fate.

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## MURDER OF S. EASTON'S LITTLE SON.

### A MAN STAMPS A SMALL BOY TO DEATH.

Our neighbors in Covington are noted for living in a quiet, peaceable kind of way, endeavoring as much as possible to crowd seven Sundays in one week. Some years since, however, they were aroused to a high pitch

of excitement by a transaction which took place. S. Easton, an old and highly respected leather merchant, had some years before moved over into Covington, and surrounded himself with every comfort which an ample fortune could procure. One day his little boy, a bright, intelligent lad, was returning from school, in company with some other children, and by some means they made a man angry at them. The man ran out of his shop, knocked the Easton boy down, and to the shame of our race we have it to say, stamped the poor little fellow to death. The man, who was a German, was arrested and placed in jail; the whole city was fearfully aroused, and an immense crowd surrounded the jail, determined to take vengeance on a man who could prove so heartless as to murder a small boy. The authorities appealed to the mob to let the law take its course, and justice would undoubtedly be done, but all without avail; Hang him they would. The authorities were powerless in the hands of the mob. Mr. Easton, a pious and devoted Christian man, who firmly believed in law and order in every thing, hearing of the terrible state of affairs, went down to the jail, and by a few words of kind counsel, induced the whole assembly to disperse. Such an example of love for law and order is entitled to the highest praise and commendation of every good citizen. Shortly after the excitement the prisoner managed to make his escape, and we believe has thus far eluded the law.

It does not seem possible that any man could so far give way to his angry temper, as to take a child, whose heart was free from guile, and thus brutally murder him, but it was so, and if ever a man deserved a hempen cravat around his neck, the murderer in this case did.

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## GRAVES MURDERS HIS MISTRESS.

### BOTH PARTIES TO THE TRAGEDY COLORED.

A few years since the western portion of our city, west of Western Row and south of Third street, was very low, swampy ground, with very few houses on it, and what there were, were mostly old frames, and occupied by the lowest order of negroes. In one of these houses situated about

where the grand depot of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad now is, lived a man named Sambo Graves, who kept a pumpkin-colored mistress there. As such impromptu matches always result, they daily quarreled and fought, and as Dinah, for that was the woman's name, was a large and powerful woman, and as "game" as Grant, she invariably got the better of Sambo, and continually kept his eyes in the deepest mourning, although it was not easily discovered, as his skin was as dark as a black cat in a dark cellar.

Finally, Sambo considered it derogatory to his dignity and position in society, to be all the time whipped by a woman, and one day said to her, "Chile, dis matter am gone far enuff. You can't whip dis boy any more, nohow; for I'se gwine to kill you dis ebenin, sure." The woman, who was, as we have said, a perfect Amazon, paid no more attention to his threats than did the ox, mentioned in one of Æsop's fables, when the fly settled on its nose. In the evening, Sambo went home drunk, as was his usual custom; and the amiable couple soon became engaged in an exhibition of the manly art of self-defense. Dinah, finally watching her chance, struck out a heavy blow from her left shoulder, and Sambo went to grass; leaving Dinah victorious. Dinah then went to work at her ironing; for a little sign at the door informed the traveler, "Washing and Ironing was done here, by Dinah Graves." In a few moments Sambo got up, much sobered, from his reclining position, and went and sat down near the table, where his dearly-beloved was at work; and the two commenced talking as friendly as if naught had happened. At last Sam suddenly got up, and plunged a knife into the bosom of the woman, and she fell to the floor a corpse. Sambo was arrested, and after trials and counter-trials, was sent to the prison for life. From his very nature, he was a bad man; and the threat which he made in presence of witnesses, should have been evidence enough that he committed the deed after having almost a whole day to think the matter over. If any case had malice aforethought in it, surely this one had, and Sambo ought to have been hung for the crime.

# PATRICK McCAFFERTY STABBED TO THE HEART.

*Lives almost an hour. A case for the Doctors.*

Did you ever pass along the river front, from Broadway to Ludlow? If not, at your leisure do so; and you will see a sight not soon to be forgotten. The square has long borne the title of "Hell's Half Acre;" and if you only visit the place once, you will be satisfied that the title is not a misnomer or undeserved. The lowest and vilest grade of the under scum of society congregate here, for the purpose of debauchery. The deck hands, black and white, on their return from their trips, proceed to these dens with their hard-earned money, spend enough to make them perfectly drunk, and wake up only to find the balance of their funds in some other friend's possession. And so it goes, year after year.

Some time since, we had occasion to go down on the wharf to see officers Chumley and Colby on business, and found they were just on the point of searching several of these resorts, for the purpose of finding some goods which had been stolen from the steamboat Ohio, No. 3. Being kindly invited by these efficient officers to accompany them, we did so, being fond of seeing the sights. The river being so much lower than Front street, the rooms facing the river run back into the hill-side. We went into one place, the front room of which was used for retailing 'one hundred yards whisky." The rear room was a mere dark hole, low ceiling, without any signs of a floor; on either side were arranged bunks, somewhat similar to those in a soldiers' barracks, only so close together as to barely admit of a person crawling in. In these bunks were sleeping some forty persons, of both sexes and all colors, and in every state of intoxication. As the room was totally dark until the officers struck a light, and as there was not a single window or other place of ventilation, you can imagine the stench of the horrid place. Under the bunks were piles of old clothing which had been accumulating for years, thrown off by deck hands who had purchased new outfits, leaving their "cast-offs" under their bunks. Last year, Health Officer

Clendenin's attention was called to the matter, and he gave it his personal supervision, until there has been a radical change; and the place is now as sweet as an angry woman's voice.

But to our point. Some years since, a crowd of deck hands collected in one of these places, when two of them—named Patrick McCafferty and John Moran—got into a fight. Moran stabbed McCafferty in the breast with a butcher-knife; the latter walked to a corner, laid down and did not expire for almost an hour, although, at the *post mortem* examination, it was found that the point of the knife had penetrated the left side of the heart. This was considered by all doctors as the most remarkable case on record, until Baker shot the prize fighter, Bill Pool, in New York, and the latter lingered for twelve days with the ball in the muscular portion of his heart.

Moran, as soon as he stabbed McCafferty, went out into Kentucky, and has never been heard of since.

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## JOHN CURTIS, THE BURGLAR, SHOT.

*History of the Forty Thieves—The career and end of its members—"Hog-Eye Jack" the Unknown.*

Some years since, there was a large vacant lot, surrounded by a high white-washed board fence, where the Mechanics' Institute now rears its lofty walls heavenward. In this lot a crowd of young thieves had dug a cave of several rooms, as a place of deposit for their plunder. The band consisted of John Mills, Abram Cross, Emanuel Stilts, John Curtis, Augustus Ward, Sam Johnson, Jesse Jones, Michael Rafferty, and "Hog-Eye Jack." A more hardened and desperate set of young villains never lived. They had become infatuated with the history of the forty thieves, and had adopted their habits and mode of living.

They ate, slept, and drank in their cave, had a regular system of sentinels, one of their number always being on guard to give timely notice of the approach of the "fly cops," as they called the police. John Mills was from a good family, but had entirely given himself up to the

most abandoned life. Larry Hazen, our well known and valuable detective, deemed him a man unfit to be at large, and finally brought him "dead to rights," and sent him up for a term of years—repeating the dose on several occasions. Hazen, the hard-hearted fellow could not see the use of Abram Cross to the community, and has several times treated him in a similar manner, and has procured for Mr. Cross a contract with the State of Michigan that will last for several years. Emanuel Stilts was sent to the penitentiary through the evidence of officer Sam. Colby, where he became hopelessly insane, and is now an inmate of Longview Lunatic Asylum, one of the most pitiful wrecks of humanity we have ever seen; not having reason enough left to feed himself when he is hungry.

Augustus Ward was first sent to the penitentiary for arson, served out his term, and returning murdered John Mortimer, and was sent back for the remainder of his days.

Sam Johnson has been in the State prison for a number of years, having been sent there for the perpetration of many burglaries, and has about fifteen years yet to serve.

Jesse Jones' history has already been told you. He went to prison for burglary, came home, murdered poor John Brasher, the faithful officer, and was sent to the penitentiary for life, and is still there.

Michael Rafferty served two terms in prison, went to St. Louis, married a young woman of good connections, lived with her about a year, then murdered her and was hung for it.

"Hog Eye Jack"—none ever knew him by any other name, was a queer sort of a fellow. None knew from whence he came, or aught of his personal history. He would not give the least information concerning himself to even his "pal" who accompanied him in his midnight operations. All concerning him was wrapped in complete mystery. When the Judge of the Court repeatedly asked him his name, his only answer would be, "Hog Eye Jack."

On the books of the penitentiary, the same euphonious epithet of "Hog Eye Jack" is only to be seen.

After serving several years for the benefit of our State, he concluded

it more "congenial" to his habits to try the balmy atmosphere, of the golden dreams, the "Eldorado of the West," California.

For several years reports came back in the California papers of his arrest for various offenses. At last the terrible Vigilance Committee was formed, and "Hog Eye Jack," was arrested on the charge of pouring melted lead down a man's throat for the purpose of robbing him. The charge was clearly proven against him, and that the man died in a few seconds, and Hog Eye Jack was hung up by the mob without judge, jury, or the benefit of the clergy.

John Curtis comes next, and finishes the band of forty thieves. Curtis spent most of his time in the various prisons of the west; he finally returned, and in connection with some of his companions made arrangements to rob a house out at Sharpsburg, a few miles from this city. They hired a light spring wagon and proceeded to the place where the robbery was to be committed. Curtis got out, and with the assistance of an outsider easily gained admittance to the premises. He at once ascended to the upper story, and ransacked every room most thoroughly.

The man of the house, whose name we think was Justice, had his bed chamber on the first floor, and was quietly awakened by his wife, and told that she heard some one moving about in the house. Noiselessly they listened, Mr. Justice standing up in bed, looking over the transom window of his door where he had a good view of the stairs, with a heavily loaded shot gun in his hand, cocked and ready for use. He had not waited but a few minutes when Curtis started down the stairs with a dark lantern in his hand, the light thrown so as to show the way down. Curtis and Justice saw each other at the same moment, and the former attempted to pull out a revolver which he carried in his belt, but the latter was too quick for him, and poured the contents of his gun into the body of the robber. The wounded man was at once rescued by his companions, and rapidly driven off in the wagon, as was supposed for medical aid. Early next morning the body of the man was found about half a mile below the house, by the side of the road. Mr. Justice heard of it, went down, and immediately pronounced

it the body of the man he had shot. It seems that very soon after the party started the wounded man died, and from fear of detection, his body was thrown out by the way side.

Justice was not even arrested, which was right, as he only did what any sensible man would have done under the circumstances.

The rest of the robbers were easily traced, arrested, and sent to Columbus for a term of years each.

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## MORGAN SHOT IN THE KNOW-NOTHING RIOT.

On the next evening after the April election, 1855, a Know-Nothing named Morgan, a resident of Newport, was walking up Vine street—a place in which he had no business under the circumstances—when he had almost reached Mercer street, some one fired on him from an upper window and instantly killed him. As the worst passions of our people were already at fever heat, this occurrence only added fuel to the flame. Announcement was made that he would be buried from Newport, Kentucky, on the next Sunday, and all Americans were requested to attend the funeral. Sunday came, and a procession of over 10,000 persons formed and marched down to receive the body of their fellow member. The coffin was wrapped in the American flag, and all the honors paid to the remains that would have been given to a soldier hero. Know-Nothingism was carried to such an excess, that we think few shed tears when it became extinct. Any thing which tends to alienate one part of the people from another is injurious to the public good, and ought not to be tolerated under any circumstances in this land of free speech. Don't you think this plain talk, as coming from an old and active member of that order? but it is true nevertheless.

## FANNIE FRENCH, THE CYPRIAN, SHOOTS HER PARAMOUR, DEVLIN.

A few years since, might have been seen daily promenading our streets and more fasionable thoroughfares, one of that unfortunate class of females with which every city abounds. She was a woman of rare beauty, and possessed of nerve enough to commit any deed of violence. From some cause, Fannie and her "friend" Devlin, had a dispute, such as is of every day occurrence with persons of that class. The two met on Fifth street, near Vine, and renewed the affair, when Devlin, forgetting his gallantry, slapped the fair Fannie in the mouth, and the latter immediately drew a pistol and shot the fellow. Devlin lingered a long time, but finally recovered, and left the city rather than appear against the prisoner, who was discharged.

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## O'HARRA, THE STRONG MAN, MURDERED.

### WARNOCK SHOOTS HIM IN A DIFFICULTY.

Some years since there lived in this city a very powerful man, named Ezra O'Harra. This man, who was a carpenter by trade, was naturally a very kind-hearted person; but let him take a single glass of whisky, and he became a perfect maniac, and wo be unto the man who crossed his path.

One evening O'Harra had been drinking, in the coffee-house on the southwest corner of Sixth and Elm, when a man named Warnock, a resident of Covington, came in. The two soon commenced a quarrel, and went out on the sidewalk to settle the difficulty. Warnock soon found that he was no match for his more powerful antagonist, and pulled out a pistol and shot O'Harra in the breast, from the effect of which he died in a few days. As the affair was one which bore on its face the plainest evidence of self-defense, the prisoner was never brought to a final trial. Thus ended the career of one of Cincinnati's strongest men.

## THE MAN FOUND IN THE RIDDLE WOODS.

### A MYSTERY NEVER CLEARED UP.

At the head of Freeman street, a large, bold hill projects into a promontory. A few years since, this hill was covered with gigantic trees, with an undergrowth of paw-paws and other brush. One Saturday morning some boys were out on the hill looking for paw-paws, when they came across the dead body of a man. The coroner was immediately called, and summoned the proper jury. Upon an examination of the case, a rope, some four feet long, was found around the neck of the man, the end of which had evidently been severed with a sharp knife; and on a large limb some thirty feet above, was the remainder of the rope, the end dangling, and, like the piece around the neck, showed signs of having been cut with a knife. The man's neck was broken by the fall, which precluded the idea of his having committed suicide, and cut himself down while strangling. Who the man was, who committed the deed, or how the man could ever have been lifted in the tree to such a hight, has ever remained a profound mystery—and will not be unfolded, perhaps, until the grave gives up its dead.

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## LADY FASHION—WHO WAS SHE?

### THE WOMAN WITH A HUNDRED SILK DRESSES.

This woman was one of the most notorious ever in our city. She came here to reside many years since. She was a woman of most fascinating appearance, and officers who knew her said she had a wardrobe containing over one hundred silk dresses, of every pattern, shape and form. From the time she came here, she was known only as "Lady Fashion," and her descent from the position she first occupied, was very rapid; and in the course of a few years, she became a common vagrant, spending nine tenths of her time in the city prison. Her associations were of the lowest and most degraded class. One evening she was seen

with another female on the corner of Front and Western Row, where they had a fight. The next morning the dead body of the woman was found in front of the Toledo House, kept by Burns, and Lady Fashion was arrested on the charge of murder, but was soon discharged, as there was no proof against her, though none doubted but that she was in some way connected with the murder. Lady Fashion finally sunk into the lowest state of debauchery, and died in jail of *delirium tremens*. Officers who were generally as sharp as the sharpest, could never learn her real name or where she came from.

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## CARL LUCAS, THE POLITICAL MARTYR.

During the period at which Mr. Gurley was elected to Congress, the political cauldron was seething hot. One evening a Democratic procession was marching down the avenue, and had reached a point about opposite Wade street, when a few of the members in the parade became involved in a dispute with some citizens on the sidewalk. Carl Lucas, a quiet, inoffensive citizen, was standing by, a looker-on, when some one stabbed him to the heart with a bowie-knife. Lucas being a Republican, that party turned out *en masse* to pay the last homage to the dead. The Democracy, wanting to show that they did not sanction the murder of any one, also turned out in a body. The procession was grand beyond description, and in size a thousand times larger than the deceased had ever dreamed of following him to his last resting place. The truth of the matter is, that both parties tried to make political capital out of the affair, and came out "tick and tuck, and a little tucker." A small, appropriate funeral would have been much better, and shown more true sympathy for the fallen man. The parties joined and bought the widow a very nice and comfortable house, as a partial remuneration for her bereavement.

# BUFFALO FRANK,

*The famous black athlete, with his fist kills Mertez, the Spanish Giant.*

Many years since, there came to this city, from Buffalo, a colored man, whose very appearance showed that he must be a man of extraordinary strength. He was about a yard across the back; his arms, which reached down below his knees, were as large as the leg of a common man, and as hard as steel. One day about a dozen deck-hands were engaged in taking up a seven-hundred pound anchor, off a steamboat, when Frank said, "Pick it up, men—don't be so lazy; I could take it out all by myself." The mate, who heard Frank, said if he would, he would treat him. Frank wanted to know "where he would take it?" The mate said, "up to the Cincinnati Hotel" (now the Spencer House). "Come along," said Frank; and with all ease he carried the anchor up the wharf to the hotel. The strength of Frank soon became known all over the country; and a gigantic fellow, named Mertez, who lived in New Orleans, came up here to whip the darkey. They met on the corner of Sycamore and the wharf, when the New Orleans bully commenced on Frank, ending by giving Frank a rap in the face. Frank told him "to go away, as he war n't going to strike a white man." Mertez kept up the abuse, and at last struck Frank a blow hard enough to stagger him. At last some steamboatmen who were standing by watching the affair (and, as is well known, that class of men are fond of fair play), told Frank that he must not be imposed on any longer, and that they would kill him if he did not protect himself. This seemed to assure him, and as soon as the Spaniard commenced again, Frank drew back his mighty arm, and with one blow broke the neck of his adversary. No arrest was made, as the evidence of a large number of spectators, at the coroner's inquest, showed that Frank only protected himself. Frank got to drinking and went astray, ending his days in the Louisiana States prison.

# THE NOTORIOUS MAYTHES FAMILY.

On the West side, immediately adjoining the Eighth street schoolhouse, between John and Mound streets, about a quarter of a century since, there stood a long, low cooper shop, in the attic of which lived the Maythes family. The great grandfather, "Old Hyde," as he was called sold herbs in market, and had as his companion the famous "Jaw-Bone Dick" (colored), or as he termed himself, Dr. Richard Gatewood. His was a constant career of crime, of one grade or other; at last he got so old, feeble and blind that he could not navigate, and was sent to the county poor house, where he remained some years, and only died about four years since, at the advanced age of one hundred and ten years. We only mention his name to show the origin of the stock. Hyde's daughter, who was called "Thunder and Lightning." married a man named Sam. Maythes, and this was the commencement of a name that was soon to become the most noted of all in our police annals. This couple had two sons, named Smythe and Walter, who from the time they could run around showed that they would one day make their mark in their profession. Smythe was the oldest, and when only ten years of age was actively and constantly engaged in tapping or robbing money drawers. He was so small and active that he was almost universally successful, and if caught his assumed innocence invariably succeeded in getting him off with only a nice moral lecture, which he cared as much for as he did for the dirt under his feet, and no more. When he was only fourteen he was an accomplished and very successful burglar and highwayman, having a strong predilection for the better class of farmer's horses.

Maythes was often arrested in various parts of the country, and placed in jail, but in almost every case made his escape the first night. At last he was sent to the Frankfort Penitentiary for twenty-one years, on a number of charges, and it seemed that the world would not be troubled with the depredations of the scoundrel any more for a long time, but the "best laid plans of mice and men aft gang aglee." He had been there but one week, when he took wire from around the edge of the

wash-bowl, made it into a key, and let some thirty prisoners out besides himself. When out he told them, each man to look out for himself as he was going to do. Maythes at once returned to his fearful career, and you could hear of his arrest in various parts of the country; but the very next paper would announce his escape. Early in 1832 he was sent to Columbus, from this county, on a very long sentence. He had not been there a very long time before the cholera broke out in this institution, and the whole body of prisoners became panic stricken, and were unwilling to give attention to their fellow prisoners.

The attending physician, who was Dr. M. B. Wright, at present and for many years an eminent member of his profession, in this city, who was aware of what a reckless, careless fellow Maythes was, went to him and said, "Now Maythes, we want a good trusty fellow for a nurse, who will be active and not afraid, and if you will go to work and help all in your power, as soon as the cholera subsides, I will exert every influence I can to have you pardoned." This was enough; to work went Maythes; night and day he was at his post; it seemed that he scarcely ever slept. At last he so gained their confidence, that they sent him out in town on errands, for medicines, instruments, etc. As soon as he was out, he would start at horse race speed, and return before they thought he had time to get there. A more faithful nurse never lived; he was working for a heavy salary—his liberty. As soon as the cholera ceased the doctor went to the Governor, according to his promise, stated the case, and he was at once liberated. He returned to this county, and at once extensively engaged in horse stealing; was apprehended, tried on a number of charges, and sent again to Columbus for a term of years.

At the trial, the judge asked him if he had any thing to say. He arose, and in a solemn manner said: "Our country, hail Columbia, happy land. If I don't steal a horse before six months may I be d—d." Maythes went up to Columbus as happy as a lark, seeming perfectly satisfied with the situation of affairs. When the warden saw him, he expressed his regret at his return, and told Maythes that he was in hopes that he would have returned to an honest life, and become a useful member of society, but now he would have to spend his best years in

prison. Maythes looked at him in a comical sort of a way, and told him not to disturb himself on that score, as he had not the least intention of staying there a month.

All knew that what Maythes said he meant; and an extra watch was placed over him, but in vain, for within one week he was out and had stolen a horse, thus keeping his promise made to the judge when sentence was passed on him. Maythes continued this course for several years; sometimes in jail and as quickly out, until at last he was lodged in our county jail, and his keeper, a man named Couch, allured by the stories of the vast amount of wealth he had plundered, determined to become the companion of the thief, and out of jail they went. Crossing over the river when they had reached a point some miles back of Newport, they saw a peddler or drover approaching, and Maythes told Couch that he must kill him so as to be equally guilty with himself, and if he did n't he would kill him (Couch). The latter knowing that his chum meant just what he said, at once assaulted the peddler, but the latter proved too strong for him; at this juncture Maythes, who was a giant in strength, came up and took the peddler under his arm, and made Couch cut his throat. They threw the body of the supposed dead man to one side of the road, and kept on their journey. The peddler revived, and as he had no pen or ink, he took out a piece of paper and with his finger for a pen, and his own blood for ink, he wrote: "I know Smith Maythes well by sight, and he and another man together are the ones who cut my throat for the purpose of robbery."

A farmer passing a few minutes afterward discovered the unfortunate man and at once gave the alarm in the community, and within a few hours afterward, hundreds of horsemen were scouring the surrounding country, in search of the would-be murderers, and notifying everybody to turn out and join in the search. The country being thus alarmed, escape was impossible, and they were arrested and brought to the same spot on which they had cut the peddler's throat, the latter had however been removed to a neighboring house. A court was arraigned on the plan of Judge Lynch, Couch confessed the crime, and it was determined to hang them on the spot. Maythes commenced singing low and vulgar songs

and taunted Couch with being a coward, and told the crowd that "it was cowardly to hang a poor cur who was so afraid of stretching hemp, and they might hang him twice for both of them." In a few minutes they were swung up and were soon in eternity. Thus ended the career of the most notorious Jack Sheppard of modern times.

WALTER MAYTHES,

The younger brother of the preceding, was as deep-dyed a villain as ever lived, although his thieving operations were not on as extensive scale as those of his more famous brother. This chap had often shot persons in disputes, and had as often been shot and seriously wounded. One day he went into a saloon called the "Paul Pry" on the north side of Sixth street between Elm and Plum, kept by the huge Jack Thorpe, who weighed over four hundred pounds. He soon became engaged in a dispute with a man named Fouche Gould. Maythes out with a savage looking knife, and started toward Gould with the evident intention of killing him, when the latter drew a pistol and shot Maythes dead on the spot. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide, and Gould was not even arrested. In fact the whole community was overjoyed at the knowledge that the accursed race was extinct.

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## POLICE-LIEUTENANT, LEVI PARKER, SHOT.

*Henry Harrington the Murderer—Another Case of Wife Whipping.*

Reader if you suppose that the life of a policeman is without danger, read the following and we feel sure that it will be found that you have suddenly changed your opinion.

From the Times, April 28, 1856.

"*A Lieutenant of the Police Shot.*—Last night, between ten and eleven o'clock, officer Parker, in company with several watchmen, repaired to a house known as the Lake Erie House on the corner of Front and Ludlow, where they discovered a man shamefully abusing his wife; and her screaming had brought them to the spot. Officer Parker expostulated with the man, whose name is Henry Harrington, and told him unless he

permitted his wife to go peaceably to bed, he would take him to the station house. Harrington then said he had a little something to say, and with these words he pulled out a pistol, a revolver, and presenting it at Parker, fired, the ball taking effect in the left shoulder. A dog that was in the room jumped on Parker and bit him quite severely. The officers had considerable difficulty in getting the pistol out of Harrington's hand. He was finally arrested and taken to Hammond street station house. Parker's wound is quite serious, the ball entering the left shoulder and lodging in the joint; the bone is considerably fractured. He was conveyed to his house on Baum street, and attended by Drs. Dandridge and Foster. Harrington and his wife were before the Police Court this morning, and held in $500 each for their appearnce on Thursday. Dr. Dandridge says Parker may lose his life, and under the most favorable circumstances his arm will always remain stiff."

From the Commercial, May 5, 1856.

"*The Death of Parker.*—Lieutenant Parker, shot by Harrington on the 29th of last month, died yesterday morning at one o'clock. A coroner's inquest was held over the body, and a verdict returned in accordance with the facts of the case. We understand his funeral will take place to-morrow at three o'clock from his residence on Baum street. Lieutenant Parker was one of our most efficient policemen, and his loss will be deeply felt. He was a gentleman, urbane and polite to all with whom he came in contact, and we regret his death sincerely. He leaves a family to mourn his untimely end, to whom our city should tender that assistance which perchance they may need, now that their bread and support is gone."

Harrington was sent to the penitentiary for life, and remained there hard at work until January 1862, when it was found by the method called hocus pocus, that there was some little informality in the trial, and the Supreme Court ordered Harrington back to Cincinnati on a new trial. He was again indicted, found guilty of murder in the second degree, and once more sent to the penitentiary for life. We wonder if there might not be found some flaw or mistake in the proceedings of Cowan or some other one who has been executed, and new trials ordered.

The policeman who faithfully performs his arduous task, should be able to feel that so long as he keeps within bounds, that he can depend on the entire support of all respectable people, of all parties and denominations and the full countenance of the law. If they can not have this feeling and assurance of safety, we can not expect them to risk their lives in preserving law and order. Parker heard the cry of murder and the screams of a woman, and like any brave man, at once hastened to the rescue. He saw a man committing an offense against the law, whipping his wife; the officer, in obedience to the oath he had taken, ordered the man to desist, and as the man did not obey, attempted his arrest, when he was shot and fatally wounded. There was no quarrel or sudden exhibition of temper, and Harrington committed a most willful and inexcusable murder. Poor Parker was a man of kind disposition, free from using harsh words to the humblest human being, and we feel that thus far his death has been unavenged. It should have been "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

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## THE ARRISON INFERNAL MAHCINE.

This case, which was one of the most revolting character, and excited a deep interest in the public pulse—more so than any other which has ever taken place in our city, we have concluded to give in detail.

This terrible affair occurred at about ten o'clock on the evening of the 26th of June, 1854. The following article we copy from the Gazette of the 28th inst., as it was as correct an account of the case as could be gained at the time:

"THE ARRISON CASE.

"About a week since, a stranger of fine appearance, and finely dressed called on Dr. A. H. Baker and made certain inquiries about Mr. Isaac H. Allison, a student in the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery and Steward of the Marine Hospital. The stranger was particular in learning Mr. Allison's style of dress, size, etc. After receiving this information he left the office remarking, "I will see him in less than a week."

Dr. Baker mentioned the subject to Allison, and asked him what it meant. He said it was nothing worth minding, but supposed the man to be a notorious gambler, who entertained an enmity against him because of a previous difficulty, in which he had placed confidence in him, (Allison), and was now afraid that confidence would be abused. Nothing more was said about the matter, and all persons connected with the Institution regarded the action of the person who had called on Dr. Baker as of but little moment.

"On Monday evening about nine o'clock, a person answering the same description, stopped two boys on Longworth street, near Plum, and offered to pay them if they would carry a box he held in his hand to Mr. Allison, Steward of the Marine Hospital, at the same time cautioning the boys not to shake the box, as they might damage something it contained. The boys took the box and left it at O. Stockton's gents' furnishing store, corner of Western Row and Longworth streets, with one of Mr. Stockton's clerks. The box was wrapped in brown paper and tied with a cord. Under the string was a card on which was written 'Mr. Allison, Marine Hospital, corner of Western Row and Longworth streets, Cincinnati.' The clerk took the box, and gave it to Dr. Jno. W. Baker, who was seated at the door of his office, situated in the same building. Dr. Baker was requested to hand the box to Mr. Allison. He was not going up stairs immediately, and laid the box on the table until he had prepared a caustic for a patient named King, who had a broken jaw. While preparing the prescription of Dr. A. H. Baker, who attended Mr. King, Dr. Cummins picked up the box, shook, and examined it. Dr. Cummins found the box to be about a foot in length, and about six inches at the ends, with a sliding lid, like a match or tobacco box, and weighed from ten to fifteen pounds. He shook the box at the side of his head, and heard a hard substance rattling within. Dr. John Baker then took the box and the preparation and started up the stairs with them. At the head of the stairs he met the matron of the house, Mrs. Allison, and gave her the box, and took the preparation to Dr. A. H. Baker. Mrs. Allison took the box and went into her room and gave it to her husband, who sat down on a chair, and after untieing the strings and

taking off the paper, he commenced pulling off the sliding top of the box, and an explosion took place. The Drs. Baker hearing the report, first supposed it was thunder, then an explosion of gas. They heard the ceiling falling off, the walls trembling, and screams in the room. Upon entering, the room was filled with the dust of the plaster and smoke of the powder. They discovered the bed clothes to be on fire, and also the clothes on Mrs. Allison. Dr. Baker tore the burning clothes from her person and stuffed them up the chimney, and by the aid of water they succeeded in extinguishing the fire. Dr. Baker then heard his name called by Mr. Allison and his wife two or three times, the former piteously, and the latter crying loudly, 'For God's sake, Doctor, come and help us.' As soon as a light was procured, Mr. Allison was seen creeping along to a front window on his hands and knees, his entrails protruding from his abdomen, and his clothes burning. He was picked up and carried into a room adjoining, and Mrs. Allison was carried to a room in the first story. When laid on his couch, Mr. Allison asked Dr. Baker 'Can I live,' and was answered 'No.' Several physicians were sent for, who rendered prompt and effective assistance. Allison was asked, 'What did this?' He replied, 'A torpedo.' Allison received twenty-two balls, slug-shots and pieces of iron in his legs, and a wound of about three inches in length in his abdomen. His abdomen, hands and face were dreadfully burned, and, it is said, both is eyes were burned out. While the physicians were administering to his wants, he exclaimed, 'My God, why is this, I never done wrong to a human being,' and soon after named a person whom he suspected of being the author of the diabolical plot. The explosion occurred at precisely twenty-two minutes past ten o'clock, and after suffering intense pain for about an hour and a quarter, Mr. Allison died in great agony at half past twelve o'clock, perfectly conscious to the last. Mrs. Allison had one arm badly torn, which was amputated. The other hand, and her face, shoulders and breast were badly burned. Although so badly injured, she retained her senses, and frequently conversed as to how the accident happened. Mr. Allison and his wife were both young, and without children, and have relatives in Kentucky and in this city.

"There is no doubt but that the box contained a bomb-shell, as fragments of the iron were found, which justify such a conclusion. The infernal machine was heavily loaded with powder, shot and balls and pieces of iron. When the explosion occurred, the furniture in the room was shattered into a thousand pieces. The bed-clothes were torn and set on fire; the ceiling or the room was perforated, and completely riddled. The walls were bespattered with blood. The patient, King, was knocked from one side of the room to the other and badly injured. Dr. Baker had his hand and arm severely burned in extinguishing the fire. The noise was heard at a distance of several squares. Coroner Noble held an inquest on the body of Allison, and the jury returned a verdict of 'Came to his death from twenty-two wounds in his legs, and a cut of three inches in length in the abdomen, received by the explosion of a combustible contained in a box, and inflicted by a person or persons to the jury unknown.'

Mayor Snellbaker appointed a special police force to search for the murderer, and offered a reward of three hundred dollars for his apprehension. Allison was a quiet and very inoffensive man, and his wife amiable and kind. He was much liked by those connected with the institution, and made a large circle of friends.

*Death of Mrs. Allison—Traces of the Murderer.*—Mrs. Allison died yesterday about two o'clock in great agony. The funeral of both will take place at two o'clock, this afternoon. Since the death of Allison it has come to light that the box was made by McCullough & Hively, on Fifth street, about four days since. The box was made in a peculiar manner. When finished the person for whom it was made paid for it and took it away, but soon after returned and wanted it made larger, which Messrs. McC. & H. did. The description of this man answers to that of the man who gave the boys the box on Longworth street to take to Mr. Allison, and also to the person who bought the fulminating powder at Saulsbury's drug store. This person, according to the description, was also a student in the College with Mr. Allison, and both were to graduate in the spring. About four weeks since during the temporary absence of John Baker, this gentleman was appointed assist-

ant surgeon, and during Dr. Baker's absence, the steward, Mr. Allison, and this person did not agree, each being of the opinion that the other wanted to be arbitrator. Hard words were exchanged, and a challenge for a fight was given, but not accepted. One evening a dispute arose between them about a book, and the lie was given. Allison advanced toward the Doctor who raised his fist to strike Allison which the latter took advantage of, and knocked the Doctor down. The parties were separated. A coldness had existed between them up to Saturday evening last, when the Doctor took his trunk from the hospital to go to Iowa. He did not go, but was seen on Monday evening, since which time he has not let his whereabouts be known. Our worthy and efficient Marshal Ruffin has the affair in hand, and is using every possible exertion to find the real offender. It is thought the inhuman wretch can not possibly escape. It is proper for us to say that Dr. A. H. Baker was not knowing to any difficulty between those gentlemen, which had he known would have been settled immediately in some say.

When the little boys received the box to carry, the man also told them to "stay and see it opened, and they would see the prettiest thing they ever saw in their lives."

The object of this was that they might not appear in evidence against him. The boys could not find Allison's room as it was after their usual time of retiring, they left it as already told at Stockton's to be delivered. Thus the merest accident saved the lives of these two little boys.

From the description of the man given by the boys, by Mr. Hively the carpenter who made the box, and the person who wrote the direction on the box, all were soon satisfied that Arrison was the inhuman monster who had concocted the scheme and committed the deed. Officers were sent out in every direction, in hopes of gaining some clue to the whereabouts of the criminal, but all in vain, and it seemed for a time, the vile wretch would make his total escape, but it was not so, as you will soon learn.

Arrison had a friend in this city in whom he could place implicit confidence, and it had been mutually agreed upon that the two should correspond, and Arrison would use a certain name—the exact name we

do not now recollect. What small things will bring the greatest criminals to justice the following will show.

It seems that there happened to be another man in this city of the same name with that of the person to whom Arrison was to write. One day this gentleman received a letter from Muscatine, Iowa, in which this sentence was used: "Has the excitement subsided any? Are the police still on my track as much as ever? Do you think I am safe here, or had I better go to California?"

The man at once suspected that something was wrong, and took the letter to Marshal Ruffin, who as quick as lightning surmised that Arrison was the author of the letter. Ruffin and another officer at once—the same night—started for Muscatine, and on their arrival soon found the man they wanted. Arrison stoutly denied his being the man, and made an attempt to go behind the counter, as was supposed, to get a large Colt's revolver which was afterward found there, loaded and cocked ready for instant use. The officers did not allow him to move, but put a pair of handcuffs on him, and brought him here to be tried. He received his trial for the murder of Allison—that of Mrs. Allison not being brought forward—and was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years, and according to their system there of shortening time in proportion to good behavior, he only had to stay about eight years and a half, when he was permitted to go free.

He at once returned to this city, called on his old acquaintances, and appeared to be about settling down here, when he got an inkling that he was about to be arrested for the murder of Mrs. Allison, when he deemed it prudent to leave, and he has settled down among his own relatives a few miles from Keokuk, Iowa.

It is hard to make any comments on this case, as we do not wish to exhibit the least personal prejudice against any one, but we will say that the whole Arrison trial was a miserable farce. Arrison was either innocent or guilty; if innocent he should have been allowed to go free, with his reputation untarnished, and returned to the bosom of his friends without a spot on his character. If he was guilty, how was it possible for him to have taken days to prepare the murderous instru-

ment, without the deepest malice, and premeditation? Let us see what the evidence of Arrison's guilt was.

The two little boys, who were exceedingly intelligent, at once identified Arrison as the man; Mr. Hively, the carpenter, who made the box, as good and sensible man as could be found in Cincinnati, said he was the man; and the man in the store whom Arrison got to write the address on the card, which was found after the explosion, identified both the card and his own hand writing, and Arrison as the man for whom he wrote the card, and the fact that Allison and Arrison had the most bitter quarrels, and an actual fight, and that Arrison had at once made the greatest haste to leave the city, was plenty of evidence that his guilt was certain, and he ought to have been hung instead of allowed to take a short sojourn in prison. We visited the Ohio Penitentiary and saw Arrison at work at his trade—coopering—and must say that we thought he had the most hardened countenance in the whole place. As long as the law is not justly and impartially administered we will have an increase of crime; but let rogues know and feel that they will be as certainly punished as they break the laws, and depend upon it our jails and prisons would soon become vacant.

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## CHILD MURDER.

Some years since, a woman was arrested in this city by the United States authorities, as a "fugitive from slavery," owing her service, as it was claimed, somewhere in Kentucky. She was brought before the United States Commissioner, and, after an examination, ordered to be delivered over on the opposite side of the river to her master or his agent; which order they at once started to put into execution.

On the way down toward the river, the woman, who had been studying the prospects of her child which she carried in her arms, pulled out a knife and cut its throat. This, of course, was a criminal act against the laws of Ohio, and the Governor of the latter State made out a requisition demanding of the Governor of Kentucky the rendition of the pris-

oner. The "Dred Scott decision," now so famous, had decided that the slave was only a chattel, the same as a horse or a cow, and could not be recognized as a citizen in this manner. On this decision, the Governor of Kentucky refused to give the slave-woman up; and, of course, our State authorities had to let the matter pass. But, owing to certain little transactions which have taken place during the last six years, and with which we believe the public are familiar, we can not see how it will be possible for a similar case to ever occur again; and, in fact, we don't think the "Dred Scott decision" is as binding, and of as much force, as before the taking place of a certain little event at Fort Sumter, in Charleston (S. C.) harbor, on the 15th of April, 1861. Nations, like cameleons, change their appearances quite often, and, we hope, for the better.

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## NICHOLAS T. HORTON, Esq., MURDERED.

As is well known, there are a great number of Germans in Cincinnati, who reside in a large district situated over the canal in the northern part of the city, usually denominated "over the Rhine." These people are almost universally a hard-working, industrious people, fond of pleasure, but very saving of their hard-earned money. By this system of rigid economy, they soon accumulate money enough to build a class of houses, not only substantial, but oftimes highly ornamental. With the native Americans they are very popular, as they give every evidence of a sincere attachment to the country—ready to defend it on any and every occasion, mind their own business, and, in their own quiet, pleasant way, drink their beer, generally having their families with them.

This is one side of their character; and we must give the other. They universally remember "Fatherland," the home of their birth, with a tear in their eye; which is not only natural, but we like to see any one, we care not who, think well of the spot where he was born. The Teuton, if successful in his business, is happy and contented; if he meets with reverses in his expectations, he becomes morose and melancholy,

continually broods over home—the far-distant land, and friends across the broad sea.

As will be seen by any one examining the most interesting and valuable tables of causes of insanity, prepared by Dr. O. M. Langdon, the skillful Superintendent of "The Longview Lunatic Asylum," *nostalgia*, or home-sickness, will be found to occupy a prominent place; and by running your finger down the column headed "place of nativity," it will be seen that Germany almost monopolizes the list. Lœfner, a German by birth, came to this country poor; had married, but had not been very successful in a pecuniary point of view, although Mr. Horton had at all times given him good and remunerative wages. This want of success, and, at the same time, lack of employment, made him sullen; and whenever his wife (who was a good, industrious woman, and perfectly virtuous), had to absent herself to attend work at Mr. Horton's, or any other place, the fellow became lonesome and finally concluded that his wife was unfaithful to the marriage vows. This horrid dream once crossing his mind, he had to have another victim, besides his wife, to make the phantom complete; and Mr. Horton happened to be the doomed one, although you, reader, or any other person, was just as likely to have been selected.

We give, below, an article copied from the *Gazette* of July 22, 1857; and as the article was written by William Henry Smith, Esq. (at the time local editor of that paper, and now Secretary of State of Ohio), who bears the name of being one of the most correct, accomplished and true reporters of the day, the correctness of the article can be depended upon:

"*Horrible tragedy! Jealousy, murder, arson and probable suicide. A well-known citizen murdered in cold blood! A wife strangled by her husband. A city chapter of blood and horror!*—Crime follows crime so rapidly in this country, that we hardly recover from the horror into which we are plunged by the relation of one fearful deed, before we are terrified by the perpetration of another. We imagine we are prepared for every possible degree of human vice and cruelty, when suddenly we are startled from our grim anticipation by an act so terrible that we never dreamed of its commission. When we least expect it, the intelli-

gence of some new and fearful crime falls upon the community, like a thunderbolt out of an unclouded heaven.

"*The first intelligence of Mr. Horton's murder.*—At an early hour, yesterday morning, the city was startled by the announcement that Mr. Nicholas T. Horton, an old, well-known and influential citizen, of the firm of N. T. Horton & Co., manufacturers of marbelized iron and enameled grates, had been brutally murdered at his own private residence on Ohio avenue, Vine street Hill, in the suburbs of the city. The baleful news spread, and by nine o'clock hundreds of citizens were anxiously questioning each other, and marveling if the account of the bloody tragedy, as popularly given, could be true. A number of them soon repaired to the house of Mr. Horton, and there beheld a scene well-calculated to freeze their blood, and heard a sanguinary tale they were at first ill-prepared to believe.

"*Augmentation of horrors—The whole story.*—Mr. Horton had been awakened a little after four o'clock, by a heavy smoke pouring into his chamber; and, supposing the house to be on fire, he rose and opened the door, and went into the hall, where he was encountered by a German serving-man, for some time in his employ, named Joseph Lœfner, who stuck a knife into his abdomen, causing a deep and ghastly wound which proved fatal a few minutes after; and then ran out of the house. Mr. Horton's mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, also awakened by the smoke, came into the hall and beheld Mr. Horton bleeding profusely, and heard him exclaim, 'Mother, I am stabbed.' Mrs. Smith, terribly alarmed, ran to the window, and cried, 'Murder, and fire;' and Mr. Horton fell in a dying state to the floor. The neighbors soon rushed in, and found Mr. Horton not quite dead, and the family bordering on a state of frenzy. They removed Mr. Horton, who had no clothing on but his shirt, to the yard, and, placing him on the grass, covered him with a quilt.

"They then looked around for the guilty party, and soon discovered Joseph Lœfner near the green-house on the premises; when they pursued, and he laid down. They came up to him, and found him bleeding profusely at the wrists and from a deep gash in his throat. They asked

him if he had murdered Mr. Horton and wounded himself; and he expressed assent, but could not speak.

"It was learned, in a short time, in a manner that will be best understood from the depositions below, that, previous to murdering Mr. Horton, he had strangled his own wife, residing at 623 Vine street, and then set fire to Mr. Horton's house, with the expectation of wreaking vengeance on its proprietor for an imagined wrong. Having accomplished this fell purpose, he had endeavored to destroy himself by opening the principal veins near his wrists, and cutting his throat with a razor.

"*The alleged cause of the murder.*—Lœfner and his wife had both been employed in Mr. Horton's family as domestics—the former for nearly two, and the latter for three or four years. They often quarreled, and Lœfner was in the habit of abusing her, which rendered him disagreeable to the family of Mr. Horton, who often reprimanded him for his conduct. Lœfner had married his wife, Francisca Kœhler, about nine months before. Francisca had not recently lived in Mr. Horton's family, but had been there since the confinement of Mrs. Horton, in the beginning of last week. The husband had abused her on Monday, and appeared more than usually malignant.

"Many suppose that the German had contracted a hatred for Mr. Horton, because of the censures of that gentleman. But it seems that the chief object in the insane wrath was jealousy. He has, by signs, confessed this since the tragedy. He, no doubt, thought, without reason as far as we can learn, that his wife was on terms of improper intimacy with Mr. Horton.

"Mrs. Lœfner was much liked by Mr. Horton's family, and kindly treated as became a faithful and estimable domestic. This conduct on their part might have been, and probably was, strangely construed by Lœfner.

"*The Murder of Francisca Lœfner.*—The manner of the murder of Mrs. Lœfner by her husband is wrapped in mystery, although it appeared that she was either strangled or smothered. No one knew of the act until the door of Mrs. Lœfner's room was forced, and her body half nude and discolored was discovered on her bed. What the unfortunate woman

suffered from her demon husband on that night no one can tell; but the loneliness of the hour, her inability to obtain aid, the terror she must have endured, the horrid manner of the death, and the mystery that surrounds it, call up a picture no tragedy on the stage could easily surpass. The imagination needs not to be exercised here; give only the circumstances to a thinking mind, and that room glows with a horror such as Mrs. Radcliffe, Lewis and Roe would have fed daintily upon, and furnished in the most epicurean terrors to minds as morbid as their own.

"*Appearance and Character of Mr. and Mrs. Læfner.*—Lœfner is apparently about forty years of age, has a dark and vicious eye, with nothing remarkable in his face, judging under the unfavorable circumstances of yesterday. His reputation is that of a violent tempered and vicious man, often addicted to excess in drinking. He has been carried by his anger to the most ridiculous excesses in a number of instances. Mrs. Lœfner seems to have been about twenty-five years of age, a buxom, fresh, good-looking German woman, her face indicating a mild and affectionate disposition. She was, as we have said, greatly liked by Mr. Horton's family on account of her gentleness, kindness and consideration of all with whom she came in contact. No one but her husband seems to have regarded her otherwise than favorably.

"*Nicholas T. Horton.*—Mr. Horton had, we believe, resided in this city for about twenty years, had many friends and, as far as we know, was generally respected and esteemed. He was a man of energy, enterprise and integrity, had been engaged for a number of years in the iron business, and had recently entered largely into the manufacture of marble ized iron and enameled grates. His sales-rooms were on the north side of Third, between Elm and Race streets, and his foundry on Elm between Second and Pearl. He was a man of means and a director in the Ohio Life Insurance Company, where his life was insured for the benefit of his family, consisting of six children, two of whom, young men, have for some time been in business in this city.

"*Incidents.—The Murder.*—Lœfner must have planned the entire affair with coolness and deliberation. After murdering Mr. Horton he ran out of the house to a distance of three hundred yards down a gentle slope

near the house, where he attempted to cut his throat, open his veins, and then came back to the green house where he was first discovered.

"Lœfner must indeed be a desperado, a man of terrible nerve; for what he did many a criminal would have shrunk from. Think of his enormities in a single night! He put his wife to death in the most revolting and cruel manner, and then proceeded to Mr. Horton's house and set it on fire, waited for Mr. Horton and plunged a knife in his abdomen, and finally with an unfailing appetite for horrors, attempted most perseveringly to take his own life.

"*Lœfner's Weapons.*—The knife used by Lœfner was an ordinary butcher knife, which he appeared to have sharpened for the purpose, and the razor a common instrument hardly keen edged enough to make a suicidal purpose sure. They were both found not far from Mr. Horton's house where Lœfner had thrown them, and are now in the Ninth street station house. They were both reeking with blood when taken from the grass.

"*Lœfner's Condition late last Night.*—When we called at the Commercial Hospital, about the mid-hour last night, Lœfner's symptoms were decidedly more favorable: although it was not supposed that he could survive, it was believed he would not die during the night. The trachea of his throat is severed, but whether his œsophagus is injured or not, his physicians are unable to determine. If alive, an examination will be had to-day, and his condition and prospect of recovery or death accurately determined."

"*Mrs. Horton very Sick.*—Mrs. Horton had been in very feeble health for some weeks previous to the death of her husband. The shock of the sad affair, driving her almost crazy, and her previous weakness, with this additional bereavement, will undoubtedly terminate her case fatally." (NOTE, *by the author.*—We are pleased to say, that Mrs. H. finally recovered, is still alive, and enjoying a life of great usefulness.)

Lœfner was arrested and sent to jail, where his wounds were carefully dressed, but during the night he tore off the bandages and re-opened his wounds, with the evident design of bleeding himself to death; but his situation was discovered, his wounds re-dressed, and his arms and legs so confined that he could do himself no further injury. In December, 1857,

Lœfner had so far recovered as to be able to stand his trial, and on the 14th of that month the jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, and he was sentenced to be executed April 40, 1858. Of course, the only ground of defense was "insanity," as Lœfner had acknowledged to committing the deed, and there was enough evidence besides to leave no doubt of the fact. Lœfner's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life; and whether he is in the penitentiary or lunatic asylum, we know not—nor do we care.

As we have before remarked, we have no sympathy with the man who abuses his wife. He agrees to live with her: if, from any cause, he can not, it is his duty to leave—not to abuse her; and as she is his wife, so far as is in his power, he should provide for her support, even if they are separated. The man who becomes jealous of his wife at every slight pretext, ought not to have a wife; and if he has one, and finally allows his anger to become so great as to be ungovernable, and he kills her, then he should suffer for the highest grade of murder. Lœfner was of this class. Without a cause, he becomes jealous of his wife, strangles her to death, and, to make insanity appear complete, he sets fire to Mr. Horton's house, waits in secret until Mr. Horton, aroused by the fumes of the smoke, hastily leaves his chamber and enters the hall to ascertain the cause of the fire, when the murderer at once slips from his hiding-place and plunges a butcher-knife into Horton's abdomen. Mrs. Smith, the mother-in-law, comes out in time to hear the dying man say, "Mother, I am stabbed." Mrs. S. at once raised the alarm of "Murder! Fire!" and the neighbors were at the scene in less time than it takes to write this.

Lœfner at once attempted to make his escape; but, as soon as he got out of the house, he seemed to hesitate, and finally thought he could hesitate long enough to make his work complete; but the wretch remained too long; for the neighbors from all directions found him there, and, feeling that he would certainly be hung, went down to the greenhouse, laid down and pulled the razor blade across his throat, and then across his wrist to stop the pulses and cause death from bleeding more sure. A doctor was at hand, a good surgeon, and the man's life was saved. We leave it to you, reader, to decide what this wife-whipper and murderer deserves.

## SUPPOSED SEDUCER SHOT.

The human heart learns not the holy tie which a parent feels for their offspring, until they are placed in a position where they can see their children surround them with a love and respect which the little ones invariably entertain for their parents, when properly trained, and correct examples always held out for them to follow. The mother, as she fondles her babe in her lap, has visions of years ahead, when the infant whom she has nurtured at her bosom shall grow up and become a good and valuable member of society. The father is willing to toil late and early, that when the time comes and he must part with the riches of earth, that as his spirit takes its departure, he can feel that all who have a claim on his protection and aid will be well-provided for, and not have to toil as was his custom. There is nothing so sacred as the family circle; and the man who enters it and destroys its sanctity deserves death just as much as the man who commits a willful premeditated murder, for robbery or any other purpose. While one kills the body, and it may be, ushers the victim unprepared into the presence of the Great God, the other destroys the spiritual body, and the poor, frail things who may once have been as pure as human mortals ever are, lead, sometimes for years a life of the most extreme wretchedness, and finally die, alone, uncared for, deserted, and their bodies find a resting-place in Potter's Field.

We can not forbear a word in faithful praise of that noble band of ladies, who go through winter's snow and cold, and summer's heat, without one cent of remuneration, to act as a Board of Directors for the "Home of the Friendless." They are all ladies who enjoy every luxury and comfort at home, but who willingly deprive themselves of many pleasures at home, that they may pass their time at "The Home," endeavoring by every kindness and moral precept, to restore, to honorable society, the fallen ones of their sex. One lady of the Board, whose husband is a wealthy down-town merchant, spends much of her time there as a ministering angel, and whenever we meet her, we inwardly ejaculate God bless her, and number her days many. Could our mass of better-

class and more wealthy ladies know the good that these very few females do, and what a pleasure it is to see numbers of the fallen ones restored to moral life, they would at once join a solid phalanx, and never cease their exertions until every member of their sex followed a life of honor and virtue.

The Cain family, who are the cause of these remarks, consisted of father, mother and two daughters, and were honest, respectable Irish people. Finally the fell destroyer came, and the daughters, aged respectively sixteen and fourteen, were enticed away from home, and became inmates of the lowest dens in the city. As soon as the father, John Cain, found out the ruin wrought in his domestic circle, he became almost frantic with grief, his brain was almost turned, and he resolved that the wrongs of his children should not go unavenged. The following extract from the Daily Times gives a very correct and impartial account of the affair, and will be read with none the less interest, when it is known as coming from the pen of the noble, late W. G. Crippen:

[From the Times, April 28, 1856.]

"*Man Shot Last Night—Particulars of the Affray.*—Saturday afternoon, a man named John Cain made application to the Mayor for a police force to assist him in recovering his daughter, who, he said, had been decoyed away from home. His residence was in that region known as 'Bed-bug Row,' on the Canal, between Smith and Park. Several watchmen were sent down to search for the man he had supposed induced his daughter to decamp, but did not succeed in finding him. Cain threatened to shoot the man, whose name was John or Paddy Hughes, as soon as he laid eyes on him, and went around during the day armed with two double barreled pistols, loaded to the muzzle. About ten o'clock at night he discovered his daughter near the corner of Columbia and Central avenue, in company with a young man named Richard Singleton. We have not learned whether or not any words passed between them. Lieutenant Holcombe, who, at the time, was sitting in the Pearl-street Station-house, saw the flash of the pistol, and running out, met Cain coming toward him, who, as soon as he saw him, said he had come to give him-

self up, and that he had killed one of them any how. He was taken into custody, and the wounded man looked after. He was conveyed to the station-house, and a physician sent for, who examined the wound, which was in the back part of the head, and at once pronounced it mortal, the ball still remaining some where in the cranium. This morning he was conveyed to St. John's Hospital. There is said to be no hopes of recovery entertained by his physician, the probability being that he will die in a few hours. At the time of Cain's arrest two double-barreled pistols were taken from him. Cain was before Judge Pruden this morning, and the examination laid over for a future day."

Singleton died Thursday morning and the father was committed without bail. The time of trial came; the prisoner is a small, spare, gray-headed old man, and looked more like a spectre than a man. He was found guilty and sent to penitentiary for life. Soon after entering that institution he became a firm and devout member of the Methodist Church, and such good reports were received here of his conduct, that a petition, signed by the best men of the county was sent to the Governor asking for Cain's pardon, which was at once granted, and Cain was again restored to freedom. The truth is, he ought never to have been sent there, as he only acted in self-defense, as every father has the inalienable right to defend his family from harm. The daughters—well, their lives have been so miserable and degraded that we will pass over their history in perfect silence.

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## GUS. WARD A MURDERER.

It is always with sincere regret that, in reading our daily papers, we continually see the names of mere, half-grown boys mentioned as being arrested for various offenses, generally, however, of a minor nature. Take and make an index of these young persons' names, and you will find that from month to month they go deeper and deeper, and very soon commit some offense which commits them to the penitentiary. In almost every case, when they have once been in that necessary place,

they return to the world with an idea that everybody is against them, and they must of course be against everybody. Mothers and fathers, do you know that often when you see your children wayward and inclined to evil, that the fault is your own? There is one thing which always acts injuriously on half-grown youth, and that is the practice of running around the streets at night; at first, engaged only in the simplest amusements or play. But night, or darkness, is not the time for good deeds, and when you find your boys inclined to desire to remain out late, you can depend upon it, that you had better at once, in a kind and parental manner insist that it can not be; that the child must remain in after certain hours. Parents, we appeal to you, to read for a few days the cases recorded of young striplings of boys being arrested for various offenses, and to notice that nine tenths of them, were arrested for crimes committed after nightfall. If you will permit yourselves to occupy a secondary place in your own homes, by allowing your children to run at large at night, see what company they go with, and that in no case they associate with persons four or five years older than themselves, and whose reputations have the least blemish or spot on them, for if they do the older and superior mind will exercise over the younger and more inexperienced person, an influence that will necessarily be ruinous.

Look at the Hughes murderers. Goetz and Olgus, who are fully grown men, and deeply steeped in crime, get young Case to pass his time with them. He at first is only made a party to smaller offenses, they then induce him to join them in their drunken carousals, and shortly he is educated up to a point where he is ready to commit any act of villainy—even murder if it chances to occur to him to be necessary.

Young Ward, whose name heads this article, was noted in early life, for his wonderful precocity at school, and all trustees, teachers and scholars, pictured for him the brightest future of any boy in the old Sycamore street school. At home, his people were kind and indulgent, and feasted on the time when "Gussie," would stand among the most prominent men of our city; and until he was some twelve years of age, it seemed that there could not possibly be any thing to break up their bright fancies. When he had arrived at this age his father died, and his

mother who was a most excellent woman, in an unfortunate moment allowed the son to play out at nights, "but only for a little while." From this moment can be dated the ruin of Augustus Ward. The mother who had been a confirmed consumptive for many years, did not live long, but long enough to discover her error in allowing her consent to her son playing out at nights. As soon as the maternal control was no more, the hitherto promising scholar entirely abandoned all attempts at further education, and soon became active as a member of the gang of "forty thieves," who had their rendezvous, on the corner of Sixth and Vine streets, and of which gang we have already given a long description. Every few days the name of "Gus. Ward" would be seen in the police columns, charged with petty larceny, or some other light-fingered operation.

At last he was arrested, convicted and sent to the penitentiary, for a long term, on the charge of arson. He had only served about one half his time, when his grandmother, an old and feeble, gray-headed woman, with tottering limbs, his sole-surviving relative, went to Columbus, and on her knees, implored the governor for the pardon of her grandson. The aged and venerable appearance of the poor, old, grief-stricken woman, was more than the most obdurate heart could bear, and the huge gates of the gloomy institution were ordered to be opened, and Augustus Ward walked forth into the world unshackled. To some it seems that a pardon is an actual injury, which will be found to be the fact, in this case. Ward returned home, and the first day here, became beastly intoxicated. At once he plunged into every species of vice and debauchery, seeming determined that none should outdo him in infamy. His time was all spent, either in dram-shops or houses of bad repute, and a day did not pass, that he did not in some manner break the law. At last he arrived at that degree of crime, that he committed a cold-blooded, cruel murder, out of reason and without a reason. But we will let the Commercial of October 28, 1858, tell the tale of the bloody deed:

From the Commercial of October 22, 1858.

"Verily the people of this generation are given to blood. Not a day passes that we are not required to record some barbarous deed of mur-

der. Yesterday afternoon, at about half past three o'clock, a peaceable citizen was butchered, on the South East corner of Hunt and Sycamore streets, by an ex convict of the Ohio Penitentiary. We publish the facts:

"Augustus Ward, aged about twenty-six, a desperate rowdy, and ex convict of the Ohio Penitentiary, created a disturbance in the beer saloon of G. V. Butz, North East corner of Hunt and Sycamore. He seemed slightly intoxicated, and the proprietor threatened to oust him. During their altercation, John Mortimer *alias* "Ginger Wine," a peaceable, industrious citizen, engaged in driving a ginger wine express wagon, for Green the manufacturer, entered the saloon and sold some wine to Butz. While the latter was paying for it, Ward denounced both in vile language, Mortimer told him to attend to his own business and not interfere with him, and left the premises to go to the North West corner, opposite. Ward followed, with his fist poised in act to strike, and threatened to knock down Mortimer. The latter turned and kicked the former, in order to resist the attack being made. Ward stabbed him in the left leg, just above the knee, the blade of his dirk penetrating deeply. Mortimer fell upon all fours, when his blood thirsty adversary, seized his hair with his left hand, and plunged the knife five inches into his back, behind the left shoulder, the wound having a lateral direction. Butz sped to the relief of the latter, and Ward fled down Sycamore street, throwing his dirk into the canal. Citizens pursued and captured him at Wilson's stable, corner of Court and Sycamore. Officer E. H. Townsend took him into custody, and after an awful struggle lodged him in the Ninth street Station House.

"Mortimer was conveyed into Butz' saloon, where he expired while being laid on the floor. He died after having received the fatal stab without uttering a syllable. Deceased was aged between thirty and thirty-five years. He was reputed an amiable, industrious citizen, and at the time he was so brutally murdered was discharging his duty. He leaves a wife and two children, who reside near Madison in Columbia Township, but are sojourning in Harrison. Mortimer was a native of Baltimore. The murderer is a native of this city. He was a graceless boy and a

wicked man. The police have always had him under their espionage, and he has frequently answered at the bar of the Police Court, for grave misdemeanors. Recently he served part of a time in the penitentiary, to expiate the crime of arson, having been convicted of the destruction by fire of a carpenter shop, corner of Fifth and Broadway. Last night he raved furiously in his cell, feigning desperate intoxication, and at times heaping maledictions on the police officers.

"We learn that his grandmother alone of his immediate family, survives in this city, and she, unhappy woman, is one hundred and four years old.

"The coroner held an inquest on the body, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.—A *post mortem* examination was held also, at the instigation of the coroner—we do not know why—and the doctors found two wounds, one of which was fatal, which several hundred men gazed at before their arrival, and which they suppose had caused death, but were not sure, until assured of it by the coroner's scientific corps of 'medicine men.'"

Much interest was felt in the trial of this young man, though old in crime, the case appeared to be so clearly one of murder in the first degree, that none doubted that he would be convicted and sentenced to be hung. On trial the first quibble was about the character of the knife used, then the plea was brought up that Ward committed the deed while intoxicated; then they endeavored to prove Mortimer not exactly all right in everything. Ward had the smartest attorneys of the day, while the lamented late Wm. H. Kerr, on behalf of the State, was ready at all points, never sleeping, always wary, saw that the State had her rights. In fact it was razor cut razor, and one party did not make the least off the other. Over a dozen witnesses were examined, most of whom saw Ward actually strike the fatal blow, others saw him throw the knife in the canal, while others still were at the arrest. The jury which was composed of honest, good men, did not seem to be a class willing to harm any one, and while the trial was going on, many were heard to predict, "that jury would never hang any man, as they looked too good-natured." Sure enough when the verdict was announced, it was only for murder in the second

degree, and Augustus Ward was sent to the penitentiary for life—probably—"Woman's Love." The poor old grandmother when she found that in a few days she would be no more, sent for several of her neighbors and made them promise to get up a petition, and send it on to the Governor, as the dying request of a woman who had reached over one hundred years of age, desiring that her grandson Augustus Ward might be pardoned. But the outrage that the criminal had committed against the laws of man and God, caused the Governor to at once refuse to interfere with a sentence he considered totally inadequate to the crime committed.

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## WM. BECKLEY, A CRIMINAL.

It is the misfortune of some parents, to never be able to say, *no*, to any request of their children, and this simple fact often proves their ruin. In this city for many years has resided a family of excellent standing and reputation, by the name of Beckley, most of them being engaged in the fruit business. They were very industrious; working like slaves to get along and save something for a rainy day. The father, a straightforward man, seemed determined to be successful, and by his urbane gentlemanly conduct, and universal kindness, soon gained the good will and regards of an extensive run of custom, and no fruit tasted good if it did not come from Beckley's. The father wishing to see the son capable of depending somewhat on his own exertions, to push his way through life, made him stay part of the time with him, the balance of the day letting the young man have to himself, with a good allowance of spending money. This shows that the father did not make his son work for gain, only that he might be in future useful, and understand how to take care of himself. At first the son was an obedient, kind-hearted youth, obliging in manners, and of a most excellent disposition, willing to accommodate any one. At last he got to running about at night, and it could soon be perceived that the young man was rapidly going to ruin. The associations seemed to have changed the very nature of the young fellow, and he who so short a time before was so kind and

mild seemed to be a different person. Often in petty broils, and as quickly out of them, he managed somehow or other to almost invariably escape being made amenable to the law. As we have before shown in the Ward and other cases, the certain ruin which befalls a young man who roams the streets until a late hour in the evening, Beckley's ruin was to come at last, and he was to find himself imprisoned, and registered as a murderer.

One evening Beckley and an Italian were seen together on Pearl and Vine streets, and appeared to be excellent friends; none who saw them ever thinking that before morning one would kill the other, but such was to be the case, and another horror was to be added to the deeds of blood in the "Queen City." Late the same evening, a pistol shot was heard, and the watchman proceeding to the spot which we think was near the corner of Columbia and Vine, found the dead body of the Italian with a bullet hole through his breast. The body was still warm, and the blood was flowing freely. The officers soon afterward found Beckley and arrested him. Soon after, he was tried, and found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to prison for life. This seemed to affect the "old man," who was as tender-hearted as a child, very much, and he constantly mourned over the idea of having one of his family behind the "iron bars;" and he determined to use every endeavor in his power, to have his son free, by the pardoning process. Calling in the aid of his brother, a wealthy and well known citizen, together, and separately, they made many trips to the Capitol to accomplish their purpose. At last they got up a petition signed by many influential persons, recommending the release of the son. They took it to Columbus, presented it to the Chief Executive, and he knowing many of the names signed, as being those of our best citizens, went to the prison, found that the conduct of young Beckley while there had been the very best, pardoned him. The young man came back to his father's house and for a long time, appeared to have entirely reformed. But from what we have more recently heard we are satisfied that he is again wayward, and has forgotten the good examples of his parents; and will before many days find himself facing a blank wall. We hope the young man will take heed and reform before

his doom is certain, for surely he can not be lost to the better feelings which once actuated him. Let him only strive to do right, and his reward will surely come.

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## PATRICK McHUGH, MURDERS HIS WIFE.

Again it is our painful duty to record the inhuman conduct of a brutal husband toward his wife. Patrick McHugh, had married a young and beautiful girl, who like himself, was of Irish birth; this match resulted in three bright children, a boy and two girls. McHugh labored very hard for a long time and it seemed that the match was indeed a happy one. McHugh like too many of his countrymen, finally became greatly addicted to intemperance, and whenever he went home, he was sure to commence a most cruel abuse of his wife, charging her with inconstancy, and every other sort of crime; the poor woman paid no attention whatever to such useless talk, as she was conscious of her own rectitude, and feeling that his treatment was as undeserved, as it was cowardly and unmanly. On several occasions when his abuse became so great that she could not possibly endure it, she would call in the aid of the police, and the poor brute would be taken to the Station house. Next morning when the case of Patrick McHugh came up, and Mrs. McHugh's name called by the Marshal, there would be no response from the latter. The Judge would ask if she had not been summoned, the Marshal would nod his head in the affirmative, and Patrick McHugh would have to be discharged for want of evidence. After the arrest the heart of Mrs. McHugh would relent, and she would feel aggravated at herself for even causing the imprisonment of her husband, and a hundred summons could not induce her to appear before the police judge as a witness against him, for she knew that Judge Pruden who was then on the bench, had no more mercy upon a wife-whipper than he would have had on a rattlesnake.

Finally McHugh was destined to commit a crime, which his wife could not save him from being punished for. McHugh went home drunk as usual, and at once commenced maltreating his wife, knocking her

down with his fist, pulling her around the room by the hair of her head, and kicking her several times in the side, stomach and head. After he tired of his labor, Mrs. McHugh sat down and commenced nursing her child. The brutal husband went up stairs, but returned in a moment or two, and commenced an attack upon his wife with a sharp razor, making several terrible gashes across her breast, shoulders and back, and the poor victim, fell to the floor in almost a dying condition. McHugh was arrested at once.

Physicians were called in; all gave the opinion that they thought the woman would die, but she in time got well. McHugh was placed on trial for assault with intent to murder, but the injured wife and the son, who were about the only witnesses to the bloody assault, at once left the State and went over into Kentucky, rather than appear as witnesses against the father and husband. You will soon see how this forgiveness was repaid. McHugh, without his wife and son's testimony, was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for seven years, but had served only about one half his term, when he was pardoned through the constant implorings of his wife. After he came back he soon commenced enjoying himself with his old recreation, that of beating his wife. The wretch had not a spark of gratitude in his bosom, or he would never again have given such a devoted woman even an unkind word—much less a blow. One evening the wife went over to a house to visit some friends, a thing she rarely did. The evening was passing very pleasantly; scenes of the Mother Country were brought up and talked over, as in days long, long ago. When she had been there some two hours, her husband came in partially intoxicated and sat down. After he had been there about half an hour, he got up and asked her if she was ready to go home, and she answered "yes," and got up and was preparing to go, when her husband in a caressing manner, put one arm around her neck, and with the other pulled a razor across her throat making a deep gash from ear to ear. The wound proved fatal in about five minutes, and the faithful, never-complaining wife was before her Maker. The murderer went home and was packing up his things, preparatory to escaping into Kentucky, when the officers who had been informed of the affair, came in upon and at once arrested him. His conduct at the station house exhibited a heart as hard as stone; not one single sign of pity or sorrow for what he had done. Below we give some of the evidence produced on the final trial, feeling that it will prove very interesting and worth reading. As will be seen one of the children was a witness against the father.

From the Enquirer, November 25, 1860.

Patrick McHugh murdered his wife on the 6th of March, 1860, and was tried Nov. 24, 1860. McHugh is about sixty years of age, bald-headed, with a face denoting determination of character. Mr. Kerr stated the case:

About seven years ago, the defendant was convicted of an assault with an intent to kill his wife, and suffered confinement in the penitentiary for that offense until a few months ago.

His wife was visiting at a house on Front street; he called for her, and after she stood up and was preparing to go, he took a razor out of his pocket, put one arm around her neck, and with the other drew the razor across her throat—nearly severing the head from the body—and then turned on his heel and left the house.

The prisoner smiled at this statement as if questioning its accuracy.

Mr. Ward said he was not prepared to state with any degree of accuracy, what the line of defense would be. As at present advised, he should deny the whole statement, but if the facts as claimed by the State should be proven, he would then ask the jury to consider the question, whether there were not facts surrounding the transaction, so as that the prisoner, at the time the deed was committed, was not in a condition of mind that would authorize conviction against him for murder in the first degree.

*Maria Leeds examined:—*

About six o'clock P. M., on the 6th of March last, the prisoner called at Mrs. McCann's on Front street; his wife had been there about two hours; he was in the house about a half hour, and asked of his wife if she was ready to go; she replied "yes," and stood on the floor; he took a step behind and pulled out a razor, threw his arm around her neck and cut her throat; he then turned and left the room. Mrs. McHugh called the witness who went to her and asked to see her wound. Witness went out of the room to see where the man went, and was told by a woman that he had passed out. When witness returned Mrs. McHugh was half way out in the hall, the woman alluded to went up and took the hand of the deceased, and when witness returned Mrs. McHugh was dead. Before she died she called for the priest several times. She lived only about five minutes after the injury. The witness did not know any thing in relation to the difficulties of the prisoner and his wife. They lived on Sixth street in Longworth building.

On cross-examination the witness said she did not notice that McHugh was very drunk that afternoon; did not hear him use any unkind words

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to his wife; could not tell where McHugh got the razor, he took it out of his pocket. Before the act nothing unusual appeared in his manner; he was pleasant.

*Dr. Carey examined*—Held an inquest over body of deceased. The wound commenced at about two inches to one side of the middle of the throat, cutting the wind pipe and passing clear round to the back of the neck. The force used must have been such as a man of ordinary strength could bring to bear.

Dr. Beck also described the wound; did not believe she could have lived five minutes. A wound of that kind was considered necessarily fatal. If surgical aid had been rendered on the spot, life might have been prolonged, but that was doubtful.

On cross-examination witness said he did not observe the opening in the wind pipe, but the jugular vein was cut.

Mrs. Leeds was recalled and asked if when the prisoner was going to this house, earlier in the day, he did not fall down, being drunk? She said he slipped on some wet clay, but she did not know whether he was drunk.

James McHugh a son of the prisoner and the deceased, testified that on the night of the occurrence—after the deed—he saw his father coming in the house where they had lived on Sixth street. He staggered a little when coming in, took off his hat and fixed up his hair; he said, "hello, Jimmy, is that you?. Where did you come from now?" He replied, "from the boat."

His two little sisters were sitting by the stove, and he asked them for his mother, and they said she had gone down on Front street to Mrs. McCann's. All the time his father was in a hurry and said he must go, and when witness asked him where, he said, "away over in Kentucky, or some other place never to come back." He threatened to "knock watermelons" out of a man who inquired what the matter was, and then tried to coax witness to go down stairs with him; said he wanted to tell him something, but witness declined and said to tell him there.

"Two watchmen came shortly after and said they wanted Patrick McHugh; witness said he wanted to find out what he did; the watchmen told him, but he did not believe them; he then went down to Mrs. McCann's and found his mother lying in her blood.

"The prosecuting attorney now claimed to introduce evidence showing the former crime, to show the ill-will of the prisoner. Witness then proceeded to state a circumstance, that happened seven years ago, he being then eleven years old. His father came home at about twelve

o'clock at night; he was quarreling about something, and mother said, 'Pat, Pat, put that razor up and do not take my life.'

"*Question*—Was your father intoxicated when you saw him after this last occurrence?

"*Answer*—I think he was; he seemed to have taken some liquor during the day; it appeared so any how when he was talking to me.

CROSS-EXAMINED.

"*Q.*—Why did you not go out with your father that night?

"*A.*—I saw he was intoxicated, and did not wish to go, or wish him to go either.

"*Q.*—Have you not a feeling of ill-will and dislike to your father?

"*A.*—I do not know that I had any before this occurrence, I do not know that I could like him as well as I did before.

"*Q.*—Have you not a feeling of hatred toward him.

"*A.*—I have not.

"*Court*—Do you know of any quarrel between your father and mother since his return from Columbus?

"*A.*—I do not know of any.

"*To Counsel*—His mother made efforts to get him out of the penitentiary—he sent money there for her.

"*Q.*—Was he pardoned?

"*A.*—He was let out for good conduct before his term had expired.

"*Q.*—Did your mother and yourself appear against your father, to testify seven years ago?

"*A.*—We did not. We went away to avoid it."

*Scenes and Incidents at the Execution.*—Patrick McHugh was hung in the jail yard by Sheriff John B. Armstrong, January 25, 1861. Early in the day he sent for James Burns, and had a long talk with him, exhibiting unusual levity, but he said he was only so happy he was going to die with his sins forgiven, and that he might again turn his thoughts to the world if pardoned or sent to the penitentiary. He never asked for any change of sentence, and requested to be hung at twelve o'clock M., so that he would be in the next world in time for dinner. He denied premeditating his wife's death, and said it was only caused by unfounded jealousy, the effect of liquor. He made the following speech on the scaffold: "I despise the world and all its mean admirers, and I love the person and the price that redeemed me. I commend my soul to the mercy of my God, to Jesus Christ, and the blessed Virgin Mary, and to St. Joseph that was on this earth the foster-father of Jesus. I

believe fondly in my heart that God will receive my soul. I feel sorry for the atrocious deeds that I have committed; or in other words, feel sorry for the violation of the law I committed, when I consider it is one of the highest crimes—the taking away of a life I could not give. I feel it in my heart that a just God could hardly forgive me for depriving of life a woman I had placed my affection on. I loved her more than I love my mother that bore me. I cherished that love in my heart before I was joined to her in the holy bonds of matrimony. For the sin, I am sorry, for it is murder. I killed my dear wife on the 6th of March last, 1860. I beg God's pardon for the violation of His law, and I beg the prayers of you all, my hearers—all those I can speak to I beg your prayers from now to Sunday. I wish you all God's blessings, I wish you all well." Looking toward Heaven he then said, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, receive my soul."

He stamped his foot as a signal that he was ready to go. His neck was broken by the fall.

John B. Armstrong, Esq., the sheriff, was as kind to the old man as a son could have been to a father, willingly paying money out of his own pocket to buy any thing, which would add to the doomed man's comfort or pleasure during the short time he had to remain on earth. Some thought that McHugh's levity and composure at the gallows was a symptom of insanity, which was a mistake; as he had become so hardened in his hatred to his wife, that he must suffer for his crime, and he chose this mode of conduct as the one best suited to his nature. On the day the execution was to take place the son, a half grown young man, was strutting around with a great big cigar in his mouth puffing out volumes of smoke, and seemingly just as much interested, and no more, than a person would be in attending the circus. He went up to the sheriff and asked, "When are you going to swing the old man." This was more than that tender-hearted officer could bear, and he at once lead the heartless son out of the inclosure.

Thus ends one of the most heart-rending affairs it has been our lot to record. The wife, as usual with that noble class, faithful and uncomplaining submits to every wrong rather than complain, is half murdered by her husband, leaves the state rather than appear against him as a witness; and when he is sent to prison for trying to murder her, she forgets and forgives all, and procures his release, only to have him return, and wife, in a cruel, brutal manner murder her. Men, let the faithfulness of this which is only similar to your own wife's, be a lesson for you, and determine in your own heart that you will never give your wife an unkind

word or look—if once in awhile she pouts, kiss her, and her face will be a mass of sunshine."

## THE JAIL RIOT.

There are no circumstances under which a mob is justifiable, where they have laws framed for the prevention of crime. Sometimes it seems that the laws are most miserably administered, and that the prisoner who has money, it matters not the enormity of the crime, can escape by some little informality and again be released only to become once more a prey on society. At first thought it would seem that when such a state of affairs would arrive, the citizens have the right to join together for their own protection and punish the guilty ones, and perhaps they do possess this right, and that it would be just for them to do so, if they were always sure of the guilty parties, and would stop at exactly the right point, but this they never will do. At first some better disposed citizens may be found participating in these affairs, but before the mob has been in force many hours, the lowest scum of society are the main ringleaders of the mob. This is not to be wondered at as they think it gives them a golden opportunity to steal and plunder, without much danger of their being caught. Soon after the Mexican war two soldiers returned to this city with their discharges and land warrants in their pockets. They had been faithful and true to their adopted country, and concluded to make America their future home, and the "Queen City" was the place they picked out to settle down in. They procured boarding with some German family out near the Brighton House somewhere, and got work in some of the down-town factories. Things passed on smoothly for a long time, when the proprietor of the boarding-house commenced trying to get their land warrants from the boarders. They expressed a total unwillingness to part with them, and the keeper thought he would try another method. He goes out and swears out a warrant against the poor fellows for ravishing his little daughter only seven years old, they were arrested, the father, mother and child were witnesses, who all swore that it was positively true, and the prisoners were required to give bail in the sum of five thousand dollars each, which, of course, they could not do, and they were remanded to jail for future trial. The report of the affair came out at length in the papers, and an immense mob congregated in front of the old jail for the purpose of lynching the prisoners on the spot. Sheriff Weaver went out and expostulated with them about their conduct, told them not to let the good name of our city be tarnished by the disgraceful proceedings of a mob, and if the priso-

ners were guilty they would assuredly be punished, that he had called on the militia (Citizen's Guards and Cincinnati Greys) to assist him in preserving law and order; that it was his sworn duty to protect his prisoners, and he was going to do it, and if they undertook to attempt to take the prisoners out of jail, he could, with the assistance of the militia, repel any attack. He then read the riot act and retired within the jail. The mob then commenced a terrible attack on the jail, and were at first fired on with blank cartridges; this not seeming to deter them in the least, the sheriff then ordered ball and buckshot to be put in the guns, then at the risk of his life went out and informed the mob what he had done and implored them to desist and prevent the effusion of blood; he was only hooted and laughed at, and the attack became stronger than ever. The fences were torn down, the pavements torn up, and a general scene of riot was to be witnessed. The mob had almost reached the jail door; one platoon of the troops were ordered to fire, and quite a number were killed and wounded. The mob now found they had more than they had counted on and beat a hasty retreat. As is usual in all such affairs, the innocent must suffer with the guilty, and it was found that one or two had been killed and a similar number wounded, who had not had aught to do with the affair at all. A lady living across the street, from the house was shot while attending to her domestic duties. Jackson Carnahan, a hard-working, intelligent, and highly respectable mechanic, had his dinner bucket with him, and was on his way home from work and stopped to see the cause of the excitement, but did not participate in any manner, was killed.

At the next session of the Common Pleas court the prisoners were placed on trial. More than twenty of our very first physicians stated that they had examined the child, and they could swear the charge was false. The little girl was placed upon the stand and it was soon to be seen that she had been carefully instructed what to say, and the lawyers for the defense soon made her tell that her father and mother had taught her what to say. One of the jail turnkeys swore that he heard the father in jail tell the prisoners that if they would give him their land warrants, he would go away and not appear against them, and when they declined to accede to his request, the "old man" said, "if you men had given me your land warrants when I asked you to, this would not have been." In fact, the proof was overwhelming in favor of the prisoners, and not the least evidence against them, and they were honorably acquitted, they not being guilty, from the fact that there had not been any such crime committed as they were charged with. We have no comments to pass

on such a father and mother who could concoct such a scheme for such a purpose. We leave them to the tender mercies of "Public Opinion."

This affair ought to be a lesson, for all time to come, to every person who wants to be considered a good citizen, never to give aid or countenance to any unlawful proceedings; as by so doing they are as guilty as the ones who actually commit the violence. Our laws are formed just right; and if we have judges, or other officers, who do not faithfully and honestly administer the law, it is our own fault if we do not fill their places with persons who will do their duty. Judges should be elected during life or good behavior, have a liberal salary, and be perfectly free from any political prejudice. This would soon be found to be a hard blow on crime, and the citizen would feel perfectly safe in life and property.

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## CARELESS USE OF FIRE-ARMS.

How careless most persons are, in handling of all kinds of fire-arms; they pick up a gun or pistol, cock it, while the muzzle is perhaps pointing toward some intimate friend, it may be a wife or child; and if told not to do so, the answer generally is, "Oh, there is no danger, I am sure it is not loaded;" when they read daily in the papers, of these accidents, which all occur from sheer carelessness. There is not a man or woman but what knows that there is a possible chance of danger from fire-arms; and it almost seems that a law of some kind ought to be passed, either to prevent the entire use of fire-arms, or else hold persons who point guns, pistols or other weapons toward persons, and the weapon goes off accidentally, or is fired off with the supposition that there is no load in it, amenable to heavy penalties; and they ought to be imprisoned for their extreme carelessness, and willingness to take human life, by pointing a deadly weapon at any one.

A few years since, some friends met at the "Fireman's Hall," on the south side of Fifth street, about half-way between Walnut and Vine, and just opposite the old market-house. They had been sitting, chatting and laughing some time, when one of them pulled out a pistol to show another. Noticing some lint or wadding around the tube, he raised the hammer to take it off; when his finger accidentally slipped, the hammer fell, the pistol went off, and as usual in such cases, was pointed toward a man who was standing up in the room, who instantly clapped his hand on his bosom and exclaimed, "I'm shot!" The man who held the pistol at once seeing the mischief, went to the man and rendered every assistance in his power, spending his money in purchasing

luxuries and comforts for the wounded man. Night after night, and week after week, he stood by the side of the man, whose life he had placed in such jeopardy; and when the poor fellow finally recovered, he most positively refused to allow the arrest of the man who came so very near taking his life. There was not a person, acquainted with the facts, but what knew that the whole thing was purely accidental; but if the man had allowed his reason to work for one monent, he would have pointed the deadly weapon in such a direction that, let it go off ever so many times, it could not possibly injure any one.

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## MURDER IN THE STREET-CARS.

Away up in the northwestern part of the city, beyond the "Brighton House," on the "Harrison Avenue," at the point where the Cumminsville street-cars stop, is situated a large, fashionable and elegant beer-garden, owned and known as "Benckenstein's Garden." During the later fall, all the winter and in early spring, this place is entirely deserted; but as soon as the fresh green leaves of spring appear, and the birds commence to warble their sweet carol, the garden presents a scene of animation rarely witnessed. In the evenings, thousands congregate there, young and old, rich and poor, the married man with his family, and the smoother faced chap with the rosy-cheeked lass on his arm, who blushes many tints every time the stouter one whispers his soft tones of love into her willing ears. All come here for one purpose—beer, beer, beer. On the side and in the rear of the house, is the garden, where are arranged many rows of benches and seats, covered with arbors, over which exotic vines of luxuriant growth are taught to creep; and in the evening, when the myriad of gas jets are lit, and hundreds of gaily-dressed ladies with their beaux are laughing, talking, and drinking, the scene looks more like a fairy dream than a place of reality; and one not accustomed to such sights, would almost imagine that Gambrinus of old had returned and resumed possession of his earthly throne.

Although persons meet in such places for pleasure exclusively, scenes sometimes take place which are not on the bill; one of which we are about to relate, as it commenced, though it did not terminate there. Two parties were near each other, quietly sipping their "lager," when, from some cause or other, they became engaged in an angry dispute, which the officers ordered to cease. At last, one of the parties left the garden, and at once separated; one of them slowly walking up to the head of Freeman street, for the purpose taking a car on that street.

The first party had only left a moment or two, when the second party went out of the garden; two of them went up and got in the same car where we have already left the member of the first party. These two men at once renew their former dispute; and the balance of the passengers see at once that there is going to be a dispute which will terminate seriously. At last the parties clinch; and in the melee the party of the first part is either stabbed or shot to the heart. This is, we believe, the only murder ever committed in our street-cars; which is a very favorable sign, when we consider that they have been in operation about eight years, during which time they have carried hundreds of thousands of passengers, of every grade of life.

As soon as the murder was committed, policemen standing near at once arrested the parties, and took them to the Ninth-street station-house. They had their trial next day, and were held to answer the charge of murder in the second degree. Since then, we can not say what has been done with the matter; we don't recollect any trial of the case, which may have possibly been dropped on account of the want of sufficient evidence.

When a man takes the life of his fellow-man, every exertion should be used, on the part of the proper authorities, to see that the laws of the land are firmly, yet justly, vindicated. Although there may not have been malice in this case, or premeditation, yet there was so serious a crime committed, that the perpetrator ought to have been sent to prison for life.

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## LONG AND HALLAM KILLED

A few years ago, two policemen might have been seen patroling the beat between Race and Elm, and from Third street as far south as the river. It seemed that a difficulty could not happen, or any other signs of disturbance without their being on the spot to quiet it, or make any arrests necessary, and it seemed that the sound of their mace never ceased from the time they went on duty until the hour arrived in the morning when they were relieved, showing that they were always on the alert and traversing their beats. One was a tall young man, over six feet high, with a compactly knit person, showing evidence of possessing more than ordinary strength; his name was Clayborne Long. The other, Daniel Hallam, was a man upward of fifty years of age, and, though not so tall as his companion by several inches, was of much heavier frame, not at all fleshy, and his broad shoulders told that he was a man

of great power, who would be likely to accomplish the arrest of any person he undertook. This beat had for a long time borne a very bad name, as one of the worst places in the city to manage, and when R. M. Bishop became Mayor, he sent for Lieutenant Bleaks of the Pearl-street Station, (by the way as honest and sharp an officer as ever lived), and asked his advice concerning the appointment of two good men for this hard beat, when Hallam and Long were selected, and for some time had a hard time of it, but finally got the beat in as good order as any other in the city. This was something remarkable for that portion of the "Bloody Fourth Ward," and the other policemen gave their two successful comrades the credit of surmounting almost impossible barriers. It will soon be seen that these faithful, honest fellows were to become victims at their posts, and that our citizens were soon to regret the loss of two valuable public men, who, though occupying an humble position in the community, were highly respected, and their families, (Hallam's being very large), to have to mourn the sudden loss of loving husbands and devoted fathers.

[From the Commercial of January 10, 1861.]

"*Terrible Affray—Two Policemen Mortally Wounded at a Brothel While on Duty.*—At eleven o'clock last night, two watchmen, named Clayborne Long and Daniel Hallam, were mortally wounded at a house of ill-fame, on the east side of Main, between Sixth and Seventh streets. The circumstances are briefly these: During the day Mr. Long received a letter stating that a young girl had absconded from her home in a distant city, in company with an individual, known to the police to visit several dens of infamy in the neighborhood of the one in which the murder was committed. The writer of the letter appealed to him to secure the girl and return her to her unfortunate parents. Taking with him Daniel Hallam, an old man, over fifty years of age, they communicated this intelligence to their superior officer, and that if excused from duty to midnight, and permitted to wear citizen's clothes, they could find them. Permission was granted by Lieutenant Kirby, and no more was heard from them until about eleven o'clock, when, at the cry of murder, other watchmen rushed into this abode of sin, and found their comrades dying. The house is kept by Emma Clemmens. From her and the girls residing with her we glean the following statement:

"Scarcely had the watchmen entered the house when the door-bell rang, and on going to the door she found two men, Lohrer or Lowan, father and son, who persisted on entering.

"She refused them admittance because one of them (the father) held a

pistol. They threatened to force the door, and the watchmen directed her to open it, saying they would see no disturbance was made. Here we must explain that the rooms are situated in the second story and they are approached by a very narrow stairway. The door was opened and Long stepped out to arrest the men, when he was stabbed in the right side. Hallam, who was immediately behind, was stabbed in the same place, and as they staggered into the room young Lohrer aimed a blow at Mrs. Clemens, but Jennie Davis, one of the girls, struck his arm and saved her mistress' life. Dr. Mussey was sent for and pronounced it impossible for the men to live. When Lohrer demanded entrace he asked for "Alice." Alice Sylvan and Emma Gardner tell this story, that they formerly boarded with Lohrer at 164 Elm street, corner of Third, and that he there sold out and removed to Clay street between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. This was two weeks since. At this time his son, a young married man, returned from Nashville, and the father not wishing the son to know that he kept such boarders, procured them a place at Mrs. Clemens. Since then he has sought them to return, but they refused. On Sunday night last the son went to the house and sought a quarrel with a visitor, but was induced to leave, and as he did so threatened the life of some unknown person.

"We are satisfied, from the conversation of the girls, that the object of the visit has, as yet, some undeveloped relation with the girl Alice. The assassins escaped. Both the wounded men are married and have large families.

"Mrs. Clemens, the woman who kept the house, said that she cried murder as soon as the men were cut, which could not have been, as two watchmen were not over fifty yards off when the cry was made, and it was not over one minute from the time she screamed, until officer Casey and another were in the house, they saw nothing of the murderers, but found the wounded men on lounges with their clothing so placed that it was plainly to be seen that some one had been leisurely examining the nature of the wounds. What cause the mistress of this infernal resort could have had for this delay is not known, unless it was that she had some spite against these officers for arresting her sometime, for carrying on her abandoned business, and that for revenge she had concocted the mysterious letter which the poor officer had received, and that the murderer for a price was hired to do his bloody work. The attack on the "Madam" being only a sham, feebly warded off by the delicate hand of the frail Jennie Davis. Whatever the mysterious secret is, the woman who lived on the shame and infamy of her sex will carry with her never

to be told. As soon as the murder became known the whole police force of the city was placed on the lookout for the murderers, and it was not long before they were noticed trying to sneak into their house on Clay street, when four watchmen, who were waiting in ambush, suddenly pounced upon them and they were prisoners. The father made no resistance whatever, but the son undertook to resist, when one of the officers place a cocked revolver to his head, and told him the least refusal would be instant death; this was convincing proof that he had better go along as quietly as possible, and they were soon in the Station House, with a chance to ruminate over the terrible deed they had committed. But, to return to our poor wounded fellows. Before the dawn of morning's sun, the spirit of poor Long had taken its flight. The wives and families of the wounded men were sent for as quickly as possible, and arrived speedily. Mrs. L. had the sad pleasure of closing her husband's eyes, although it was in such a miserable place. Hallam lingered on until the next day, when he also ceased to breathe. Their bodies were then taken to their own residences, when it was concluded to have a single funeral for both the men, which was to take place the next day.

As we have before said, Long and Hallam were very popular men, and the day following the murder, the whole people of the Fourth ward talked the matter over, and related over and over again, vowing vengance on the murderers; this was the feeling of all, Democrats as well as Republicans. Toward evening this desultory conversation took shape, and it was whispered that there would be a mass meeting of the citizens at the Vine street engine house. Evening came and a large crowd gathered, when most appropriate resolutions were passed, of respect for the dead, and sympathy for their families. James Pollock, a well known foundryman of the ward, presided over the meeting; and speeches of a proper character were made by well known persons. The meeting, thus far, had been very orderly and seemed to be entirely free from any excitement, and was just about adjourning, when some one in a stentorian voice screamed out, "to the jail!" Had a hundred pound bomb shell bursted in their midst, it could not have created a greater change, and the unanimous cry was, "to the jail," to the jail;" and the vast crowd at once started for that county institution. On the way they passed two watchmen, who as soon as they heard the intention of the mob, (for it was nothing else by this time,) ran rapidly in advance of the crowd, rapping three times with their clubs (which is a call for help) on every corner, and by the time the crowd got to the jail, they found mayor Bishop and police chief Lewis Wilson there, with some fifty policemen,

which number was speedily increased to one hundred and fifty. Such complete and instant command of the police force, surprised and disconcerted the mob; they expected to take every thing by surprise, but were beaten at their own game. The mayor came forward and in his own pleasant way said, "that none could feel the loss of these two men more than he did, that he considered them among the best on his force, but that as the sincere friend of every man present, he did hope and request that no act of violence would be committed, but that all would return home and let the law take its course, and was sure that if the men were guilty, that they would be severely and most properly punished." The mob was overawed; the kind words of the mayor backed by one hundred and fifty maces conquered, and in half an hour the place was as quiet and deserted as an old church yard.

The next day the funeral took place; it was an immense affair. The police commanded by the mayor and chief was at the head of the foot demonstration, then came an immense number of citizens on foot. The procession moved on the principal streets to the Brighton House, where those on foot stopped and the carriages and hearses went on out to Cumminsville, where the bodies were forever deposited.

In a few days it became known that the watchmen's families were actually in want, and a grand demonstration was given for their benefit. The house was jammed to suffocation, and the proceeds to each family must have been about a thousand dollars each. The Lohrers were placed on trial, the father being at once discharged, there being no evidence that he took any part in the murder. The son was found guilty and sent to the penitentiary for life; but was sometime since granted a new trial on some lawyer's quibble, what the result was we can not say, but believe and hope, that he was sent back to that institution for the balance of his miserable life, and we would only be the better satisfied if it was to be in solitary confinement.

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## THE MOUNT PLEASANT MURDER.

The parties in this tragedy were Michael Doarrh and John Fite—the latter being the unfortunate victim of his companion's fiendish passions. From what we can learn Doarrh was a law-abiding, industrious citizen, but had contracted a habit of using intoxicating drinks to an excess; and when under their influence was known to be an incarnate fiend. Fite was a farmer living in the vicinity, a young man with fine prospects

for the future, and one who was known to be of steady habits, not given to drinking, but on the evening in question he had been away from home and was just returning when he was hailed by some of his neighbors who were congregated at the tavern. A country tavern is a general rendezvous for all classes of men in and about the place where it is situated. Here the old farmers congregate to discuss the prospect of the crops for the coming year, the price of stock, etc., and young America to talk over the scenes and incidents of the party of the previous night, and to lay plans for the future. So it must not be necessarily inferred that because a person may be seen in a country tavern that he is a habitual or confirmed drunkard.

Fite went into the tavern and sat down for a short time, talking to his neighbors when an incident occurred, which is always looked for very impatiently by frequenters of bar-rooms or saloons of any class, either high or low; in fact it was a general invitation to the crowd to "come up and drink," which was greedily accepted. Fite at first refused to join the circle, but after being prevailed upon for some time by his acquaintances, his resolution gave way and he was induced to follow the example of the rest, and they drank to the memory of "auld lang syne." We can see the danger of placing ourselves in the way of temptation.

If Fite had not taken this first drink, his neighbor in all probability would not now have the sin of his blood on his head. Shortly after he had taken his drink, he was about to go home when the company was enlarged by the arrival of Doarrh, who was a near neighbor of the deceased, who in a few moments extended the same general and friendly invitation to all to join him in the "flowing bowl," which all again accepted. When once started it was easily kept up, the refusals to drink becoming weaker and weaker each time it was repeated.

At last Fite observing it to be growing late and thinking of his family remarked that he must positively go home.

Doarrh then told him and the party that he was afraid to stay and enjoy himself any longer, as he knew he would get a scolding from his wife when he returned home. This brought on a war of words which however, was amicably settled, and they both agreed to start home after taking a drink. Doarrh had been hunting, and was armed with a double barreled shot-gun.

When they had got about a half mile from the tavern, they were overtaken by a spring wagon containing some young people who were out on a kind of pleasure excursion. On seeing them he seemed suddenly to have a desire for blood, and fired the contents of one barrel into the wagon

but did not hurt any one. Foiled in this attempt he then turned on his trembling companion, and without saying a word, he discharged the contents of the other barrel into the man's head, tearing it in a most frightful manner, making recognition entirely impossible, and his devilish passions being still unsatisfied, he reversed the gun and used it as a club for some time. Then leaving the lifeless mass he started on his way home.

We give an extract from the Cincinnati Commercial of September 10, 1858—two days after the occurrence.

From the Commercial Sept. 10, 1858.

*A cold blooded murder.*—We yesterday heard the details of as wanton a deed of blood as ever stained the record of crime It seems that Michael Doarrh and John Fite, who both reside in the vicinity of Mount Pleasant met at a tavern about one and a half miles east of the town, where they commenced drinking pretty freely. A quarrel ensued, but at that time it only resulted in a windy warfare, and they shortly afterward left on their way home. Doarrh carried a double barreled gun heavily loaded, and as it seems a murderous spirit must have taken hold of him for they had proceeded but a short distance when they were overtaken by a wagon, and as they were passing Doarrh deliberately fired his gun at the occupants of the vehicle, fortunately without effect.

Turning then upon his companion, who stood within three feet of him, and while the poor victim stood paralyzed with amazement, pulled the trigger, when the charge took effect in the head, actually tearing away the greater part of the skull. Of course instantaneous death ensued, but the murderer did not escape being arrested shortly afterward by a constable named Ludlow, who locked him in a room and kept guard over him until yesterday morning, when he was taken before Justice McGuillard, and in default of procuring $5,000 bonds was committed for trial at the Court of Common Pleas.

It is said that at the time he committed the fanatic and bloody deed, he was excited to the verge of insanity by liquor.

Doarrh was tried at the November term of the Common Pleas Court, was found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to hard labor in the Ohio penitentiary for the rest of his days.

## A CITIZEN OF FAIRMOUNT MISSING.

Some weeks since, our papers noticed an affair of a man named John Martin, leaving his home in Fairmount, which is just a little north of the Brighton House, but on the west side of Mill Creek—in the morning, with the promise of returning in the evening, but as night came without his return, the family became much alarmed, fearful that he had been murdered, for the purpose of obtaining seven hundred dollars which he had with him. John Martin was a very steady, industrious man, and the family felt sure that he had been foully dealt with. Weeks passed by, the water was let out of the canal, and the body of the missing man was found in the bottom of the canal; back of Elstner's Mill. As several cuts were found on his person, his pockets turned inside out, and every cent of his money gone, there is no doubt that he was first murdered, then robbed, and his body thrown into the canal.

Several persons were arrested on suspicion of being concerned in this affair, but had to be discharged as there was no sort of proof to hold them. Mayor Wilstach availing himself of the law, in the case, has offered five hundred dollars reward, for the apprehension of the murderer or murderers. These murders of good people, quiet citizens, while attending to their common business avocations for the purpose of robbery, are becoming entirely too frequent, and it is time to make examples of enough of them to deter others from pursuing the same mode of crime.

It is only a few days since we read in an Eastern paper, of a man, riding along with his family, when one of these miserable foot pads, demanded his money, at the same time shooting the gentleman through the head, and killing him instantly. After he committed the deed he did not wait to get any spoils, but hastened away; seemingly from mere wantoness to have taken the life of the man, in the presence of his family. We believe, that there are men who become so degraded and vicious, that they become perfectly habituated to shedding blood, and often kill persons without any other cause. than to gratify the cravings of their poor, miserable hearts—to be engaged in doing something wrong.

Hughes starts from his office, as the labors of the day are over, and is quietly without molesting any one, proceeding on his way home, when three miserable wretches meet and demand his money, and before he has time to comply, blow his brains out, hastening away as soon as the fatal work had been done, not waiting an instant for the sake of rifling the body, for fear of detection.

Martin leaves his happy home, with his accumulations of years, though not vast in amount just as sacred and necessary to him; he comes to the city, perhaps purchases some few things, and most likely about nightfall, is induced by some one to go down with them, to an unfrequented spot, and there meets his fate, and the family are left to mourn the loss of the husband and father. If our homes are not soon better protected, we will have to get our most excellent mayor to place a guard on every corner, whose duty it shall be to arrest every man found on the street after gas light. This might appear extremely severe, but it would put an end to all these midnight depredations and assassinations, and soon bring the most perfect law and order out of the terrible state of things which exist at this time, in all parts of the country.

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## JAMES BURNS MURDERS MICHAEL BURKE.

Some years since, the river front, from Walnut to Vine streets, was occupied by a row of old fashion, three story, brick houses, which were tenanted by the very lowest dregs of society. One of these dens was called the Toledo House, and was kept by a low, degraded fellow, named James Burns. His house was a common resort for vagrants, and the police had long ago spotted the place, as the worst in the ward.

Burns had often been up for misdemeanors, and on several occasions there were strong reasons to believe that murder had been committed in his house, and the bodies thrown into the river. Pools of blood would be found on the sidewalk, in front of his place, and traces of blood down

to the river bank, causing persons to think he had murdered some stranger, and carried the body down to and thrown it into the river.

One evening in December, 1858, some persons had congregated in his bar room, and among the number a young Irishman named Michael Burke, and an old and well-known vagrant, named Biddy Duffy, with another female of the same class. Burns wanted to know of Burke, if he was not going to treat the ladies. Burke to show his gallantry did so, and paid for the treat. In the course of ten minutes, Burke got up from the chair in which he was sitting, and prepared to go home. Burns demanded the pay for the treat; Burke said he had paid once already, and would not pay again. At this Burns commenced an attack on him, and ended by plunging a knife, which he picked up from behind the counter, into Burke's bosom. This took place on the side walk, just outside the door. Burns and one of the women before mentioned, dragged Burke inside the house, and placed a pillow under his head, but he expired in two or three minutes. Burns hid the fatal knife in a wood pile, which was on the sidewalk, and started as he said, for the doctor; but it was soon found that he had escaped. Officers were sent in every direction, in hope of arresting the murderer, but all returned unsuccessful. A short time afterward, from some source, the police were informed that he was down at Evansville. They immediately went there, arrested and brought him to the city. At the February term, 1859, of the court of common pleas, he was placed on trial, and found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hung on the 27th day of May following.

We visited Burns in the condemned cell, when he had been there about a month, having with us a small girl, about twelve years of age, and he first entreated us and then the little girl to try and get him pardoned. We have seen several men in like situations, but never one whose whole frame exhibited such wretchedness and horror as Burns. From a strong, robust man, he had wasted to a mere shadow; he neither eat, slept or drank. A short time before his execution was to have taken place, an immense petition was sent to the governor, asking the sentence to be lowered, and Burns was sent to the penitentiary for life. About New Year's, 1861, the Supreme Court found some error, in the proceedings in his case, and he was brought and was again tried, and the second time sent to Columbus for life, and is now at hard work there. We have no comments to make on the Burns' case. The prisoner had for years grown fat on the sin of others; his house was a den of infamy, in which both he and his wife were associated. There is no doubt that Burns demanded pay the second time of Burke, so as to breed a difficulty with him, and in the fracas had killed Burke. The principal witness was Biddy Fury, a common vagrant, who had spent most of her time in the city prison, for years, but her evidence was lucid and plain, and straight forward, and none who heard it doubted for an instant its truthfulness.

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## DANIEL CLAY KILLS HENRY BERLING.

Few indeed there are, who do not know where the horse-auctions are on Fifth street east of Main. Over one of these horse-auctions a few

years since, was a saloon called the "Red Jacket." A black fellow named Daniel Clay, had been employed there in some menial capacity, but was found to be perfectly untrustworthy and unreliable and was discharged. Clay kept hanging around the saloon, and spent most of his time there, and became such a nuisance that the proprietor finally told his bar-keeper, a German named Henry Berling, that he must drive the negro away whenever he came there. That evening Clay came in, and the barkeeper, according to his instructions, told Clay that he must leave; at this the namesake of Kentucky's greatest statesman became very wrathy, and told the other that he would leave, but that he must look out, as he intended to kill him the next day. Clay then went out and was not seen again until the next day, when he went up into the saloon apparently in the most excellent state of mind.

Berling was standing at the head of the stairs, watching a procession that happened to be passing, when Clay slipped up behind him with the noiseless tread of a cat, picked up a heavy oaken chair and struck his poor unsuspecting victim over the head, knocking him down the stairs. Berling was carried to his house and expired the next evening. Clay was arrested, tried and sent to the penitentiary for life. Reader, can you imagine a more premeditated, cold-blooded malicious murder? It is true there had been a quarrel the day before, and at that time Clay had probably in the heat of passion, threatened to kill the barkeeper, a threat, he carried into execution after thinking of the matter a whole day. It was the opinion of all that Clay should have been executed.

## SMITH MURDERS HIS WIFE.

There has been an old man confined in our county jail for a long time by the name of Smith, charged with murdering his wife in the Seventeenth ward (Fulton) of this city. Smith had been a resident of that section of the city for many years, most of which time he had been employed in Glenn's extensive and well known saw mill. His conduct had been so uniformly good, that his employers had formed quite an attachment for him, and were ready and willing to render him very substantial favors. One evening he went home and in some kind of difficulty killed his wife, the only witness besides himself, being his daughter, about fourteen years of age. Smith was arrested, and at the preliminary trial, the evidence was so strong against the old man, the daughter told such a childlike, truthful story, in her own saddened way, that the judge of the Police Court remanded her father to jail. As soon as the daughter had time to reflect that her own testimony would most likely cause the death of her only remaining parent, she hastily left the city and went out to Kentucky to live, at the same time sending a note to the county prosecutor that she would never appear. Mr. H. W. Thompson, the prosecuting attorney, who watches the interests of the state, as carefully as a cat does a mouse, at once sent officers into Kentucky to induce the girl to return, but they could not find her. Since then she has married and moved off, no one knows where, and it seems almost improbable, that she will ever appear. The prosecutor feels and knows that the old man has committed a most willful and cruel murder, and dislikes to have him discharged and allowed to go unpunished.

## THE MAGIC "19."

Perhaps no part of our city has been more notorious during the past three years, than the south side of Sixth street between Walnut and Main. First we read of "Professor Hutchings," his museum, his astounding tricks with some sort of magic game, which caused his name to appear quite often in the Police reports. Then came Collins' free and easy, where nightly congregated the young of flashy dress, plenty of money, and no particular occupation. Collins' saloon is, we believe, situated in No. 19 of a large four-story building, where live the lowest and most degraded of the female sex. In a cellar just east of Collins' was an eating and drinking saloon, and it is this saloon which has made us refer to this square at all. Of course both sexes resort to such places, and two men of African tinge had become enamored of one damsel. She was one evening on the point of starting home with one of them, when the other who seems to have been very jealous, said: "Sam, that is my girl, and if you go out of this house with her you will pay for it, mind what I say." Sam paid no attention to the threat of his would-be rival, but started off. This was about eight o'clock, and about ten Sam returned and went to bed. Early in the morning the disappointed rival slipped into the room where Sam was sleeping with a sharp hatchet in his hand, and beat out Sam's brains. As soon as he found that his work was complete he slipped out, and as it was early morn easily made his escape, and if we mistake not, has never since been apprehended.

## MAN MURDERED FOR MONEY.

Opposite, and a little to the west of the places we have mentioned, is a small alley, running from Sixth to Gano streets. On this alley is a house which also has an entrance from Sixth street, peopled by the same class as we have alluded to before, and, as is usual in such places, the lowest class of thieves could be found there daily, and it is of them we now write.

A man came to the Galt House one day, registering his name and residence, which was some small town in Indiana, and after conversing some minutes with the clerk of the hotel, pulled out a large long pocket-book, filled with money, amounting to about twelve hundred dollars, and gave it to the clerk to put in the safe. Throughout that day and the next, it was plainly evident to any one that the man was drinking to excess. At last the man came up and said that he wanted his money. The clerk asked him if he was going to leave, and he said, "No, he would be there for a week." The clerk then advised the man to let his money remain as it was perfectly safe, and that if he took it out in town with him he was almost sure to be robbed. The man insisted, and the clerk, much against his will under the circumstances—for the Galt House folks always look out for the interests of their guests—returned the money. The next seen of the man he was in the company of three well-known thieves. Some time that evening the police were informed that the dead body of a man was lying in the alley we have described. On repairing there they found the body of the Galt House boarder—a pistol-ball in his head, and every cent of his money gone. The three thieves were ar-

rested, but as there was no proof to directly implicate them, they had to be discharged.

The most singular part of the transaction is, that not a person in the whole neighborhood heard the report of any kind of fire-arms during the whole evening.

## THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR CRAWLEY.

The Mount Auburn Female Institute of this city is under the control of a Board of Directors composed of our first citizens. For years it has been held in high esteem by all, and is considered at least the equal of any other institution of the kind in the country. The young ladies finishing their education there. are considered among our most accomplished females In fact, every citizen feels a just pride in the success of the school. Some years ago, an exceedingly tall, fine-looking young man became engaged as one of the teachers in this institution. By his good disposition and the closest attention to his duties, he soon became a favorite with the teachers and scholars. One evening something more than usual was on the boards at Pike's Opera-house. and Professor Crawley, accompanied by two young lady scholars, members of well-known and influential families of our city, went to see the performance.

When the opera was over, the Professor and young ladies went to the Commercial office to see the machinery in operation. After staying there a few minutes—perhaps half an hour, they started on their way back to the school. It was now after midnight.

Professor Crawley, who was very fond of a good cigar, asked his company if the cigar-smoke would be offensive; they said it would not, and he commenced smoking, asking the ladies to walk a step in advance, so that the smoke would not get in their faces, which they did.

Thus they proceeded until they had reached the corner of Hunt and Main, where they saw two or three men standing. The ladies passed on thinking their protector was behind them, but had not proceeded more than thirty yards, when they discovered that Professor Crawley was not with them. when they quickly retraced their steps, and to their horror found the body of their friend dead. Not another person was in sight, but the girls at once gave the alarm, and help came and they received suitable escort to their place of destination.

On examination of the dead body of the Professor, it was found that he had been stabbed to the heart. His watch, money and valuables were still on his person, so that robbery could not have been an object. So far as known, he had not a single enemy in the world, and no one could suppose it was done for revenge.

The young ladies gave a description, as near as they could, of the men they saw on the corner as they passed; and several parties were arrested: but the evidence was so slight, that they were discharged; and this terrible deed has ever been wrapt in the most profound secresy, and it is not likely to be revealed, unless the death-bed extorts a confession of the matter- Many surmises have been given, of a seeming plausible form, as to the cause of the murder; but, as many more just as good causes could be advanced, we have refrained from giving any of them, preferring to wait for time to reveal its secrets.

## MICHAEL JULG, ANOTHER WIFE-MURDERER.

In the Seventeenth ward, about Washington street, stands two rather old frame houses, connected and built precisely alike. They have sub-cellars reaching about six feet above the pavement, which places the main or parlor-floor door about the same hight above the side walk; and to gain access, you have to ascend about eight steps.

In the year 1858, the west of these was occupied by a German family, named Julg; the husband, named Michael, working at any thing he could find to do. For a long time, Michael Julg had shown, by his moroseness and undetermined manner, that he was in a very unsettled state of mind. We can not say he was insane, but there were marked characteristics tending that way. He first commenced believing in and then seeing ghosts. He thought evil spirits were all around him, and that a thousand different kinds of devils were trying to torture him. Mrs Julg, an industrious, hard-working woman, noticed the condition of her husband with much solicitude, but felt that it would soon pass away, and that he would be the same good, kind husband he had always been. One day, Michael and his wife were in the room together, when he attacked her with a razor, and she retreated; but, just as she had got to the head of the stairs which led from the front door to the side-walk, he caught her and, with one stroke, cut her throat from ear to ear, and she fell down and expired almost immediately. Many persons in the street, seeing the deed committed, rushed in the house, and had much difficulty in securing the murderer, as he fought them fearfully. When he was finally secured, he was asked why he did it, and he would say, "You did it." He was tried, and the jury could not agree, as several thought him crazy; and he was, shortly afterward, sent to Longview Asylum, where he still remains. Doubtless the man was not in his right mind; but, one bad feature of the affair was, why did he not cut his own throat, or some other person's besides his wife?

We have not much faith or sympathy for a man who abuses his wife, or who goes crazy and at once goes to killing his wife.

## MURDER OF PATRICK NUTTLE.

For many years, the Thirteenth ward has been cursed with a lot of young vagabonds, who are a terror to that part of our city. As quickly as one lot would disappear, another would grow up and be ready to take their places. The duty of a policeman, in this neighborhood, is the hardest of any other in the city, as it requires a man of mild temperament, yet firm under all circumstances; and he often has to face perils that policemen in other parts know nothing of. For this reason, in common with a majority of others acquainted with the district, we sincerely regret the removal of officers Jones and McDermott, as they had, by constant effort, reduced the ward to the most quiet and orderly condition it has ever been in.

When Mayor Hatch was installed into office, he appointed a man, named Patrick Nuttle, policeman in this ward. On the tenth of June, 1861, while patroling his beat, he heard a dispute proceeding from the neighborhood of Eighth and Broadway; and hastening there, he

found a man, named Arthur Hughes, in a dispute with another man. Nuttle, as was his duty, at once ordered them to be quiet or he would have to arrest them. At this, Hughes commenced on the officer; but the latter, at first, paid no attention to him, but finally undertook the arrest of the disorderly fellow, which ended in the officer receiving a wound, of which he shortly died. Hughes was arrested, tried, and sent to the penitentiary for ten years.

The officer was in the discharge of his duty, at the time he was killed; and it seems that such a slight punishment is a sign that we think very little of the lives of those who guard our property, and protect our persons from harm, while we sleep. While several watchmen have been murdered in a most cruel and brutal manner, never has there been a man executed for the crime. Perhaps it is like the old man said to his wife, when she was lamenting about so many men going to the war to be killed—perhaps they are paid for being killed.

## THOMAS MIMMS KILLS GEORGE WALTERS.

On the north side of Baker street, just east of the rear part of Pike's Opera House, has long been kept the most fashionable of all our gambling houses. Men of most polished manners can always be found here to accommodate any stranger who feels like trying his chance in butting against the "tiger." Among the class who visit these houses, this place is known as a "straight," that is where the game is played fairly and honestly. On the evening of the last day of June, 1862, a large party had gathered here, and did not retire until after midnight. The banker of the concern, a man named Geo. Walters, then went to his room, taking with him his small tin safe, containing some five thousand dollars. This was the last seen of him until the next day, when his lifeless body was found in the bed, having been strangled and beaten to death, and then robbed of the large amount of money in his possession. A large reward was at once offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderers. For many years a fellow named Averett, kept a low den on Fourth street just east of Sycamore.

This place was long known to the police as the worst in the East end of the city. Shortly after the murder of Walters, Averett had a quarrel with one of his customers named Mimms, and to gratify his passions, as well as the hopes of the large reward, he told the police that Mimms had murdered Walters. Mimms was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung. His case was taken up by his able counsel, Judge Andrew J. Pruden, and lingered in the Supreme Court of the State for a long time. At last the final decision from that body came, and Mimms was ordered to be executed, and the day had almost arrived, when Gov. Cox changed the sentence to imprisonment for life. The grounds taken for interference in this case was correct; that every witness against the prisoner was of the most dishonest and degraded character, and if they had any malice to gratify, they would swear to any thing, and that it was unjust to take life on such testimony alone. For a long time Mimms was employed around the jail as a sort of assistant, and a visitor on going to the jail would not dream that the tall, fine looking man he met in the hall was incarcerated for the highest crime known to human law.

## EGGLESTON SHOOTS CAPT. MENTER.

Reader, if there is any music in your composition, you will ever remember the name and form of the late lamented Menter; he whose band was for so many years the pride and admiration of all. Capt. Menter had removed his family to Newport, for the purpose of enjoying the pure air, etc. He was engaged as chief of the band of Lipman's circus, which was performing here, and after the evening's labor started home in company with his son, who was also a member of the band. On reaching home they found the back door of the house open, and just as they entered met a burglar coming out. Capt. M., at once attacked him, when the latter pulled out a revolver and shot Menter through the body. The son immediately knocked the robber down, and stabbed him several times with a knife. The thief was soon arrested and placed in jail. The people of our quiet little sister town were very much excited when they learned of the transaction, and for a while it appeared they would take the law in their own hands, but the public pulse soon became more regular, and law and order soon became triumphant. Of course the criminal on trial could not make much of a defense, his only plea being that he had no malice or premeditation, but was found guilty, and after one respite, to give the legislature a chance to act if they wished to do so, he was taken out a few miles from Newport, and hung in the presence of about five thousand people. In his dying speech, he said his name was Alfred F. Eggleston, that he was born in New York, had commenced his stealing operations when quite a boy while running on the Erie canal, that he had ever since been a burglar, and committed many crimes. He appeared to be really penitent, said he was sorry to see so many people, especially ladies, come to see a human being meet such an end. He refused to have his confession published, as it might have an immoral tendency among the youth. The rope broke when the drop first fell, and the poor criminal begged them to fix it next time so that his misery would soon be ended. There is not a doubt but Eggleston had been a burglar since he was twelve years of age. The pistol with which he shot Capt. Menter, had been stolen from a man's bed-side in a small town in Indiana, one night while he was robbing the house, and he sent the pistol back to the man, warning him how dangerous it was to leave such things exposed where a burglar would be almost sure to get them first. Eggleston, in his dying declaration, said he owed his sad career and untimely end to not having a good, kind, Christian mother to guide him in the right path.

## PARKER SHOOTS WM. BENNETT.

This transaction took place in a saloon on Sixth street near Walnut some four years since. Bennett was a popular young third-warder, clever and good hearted, and made friends wherever he went. One evening he was in the saloon in question, when he became engaged in a dispute with a fellow named Parker, which ended in the latter shooting young Bennett. Parker was tried, and sent to the penitentiary for a few years, and was long since reprieved. The case was the more to be regretted, as Bennett was to have married an estimable young lady in a few days, and the hopes and anticipations of a young and noble heart were thus blasted in an instant.

# MURDER OF JAMES HUGHES.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial, April 28, 1867.]

Of the most wanton and reckless murder; of the spilling of a human's life-blood, with no object in view save a vague hope of booty; of three murderers and their defenseless victim, whom they struck down in the midst of his healthful life; of their strangely-brought-about arrest, their self-conviction, by confession, and, finally, of their condemnation to death, we have to speak now. Next Wednesday morning we will have to continue the story of this tragedy, with a description of the execution of these three murderers.

A quiet, honest, and respectable citizen, driving from business cares in the city to the comforts and pleasures of home in the country, is the victim. Never dreaming of impending death, sitting at ease in his buggy, and allowing his horse to trot leisurely along under loosely-held lines, and thinking, perhaps, of the business he has left behind him, or, more likely, of the family circle that waits for him; of the evening meal being prepared for him; of the wife who will welcome him, and the children who will cluster about him—never-more—he drives along to his death! Suddenly, in the gathering shades of night, the road's solitude becomes peopled with his murderers. A tall, strong man, immediately in front of him, who growls out the death-sentence in the shape of a query as to the driver wishing to run over him, grasps, with a powerful hand, the bridle rein, and with a long-bladed knife that gives forth no gleam in the dullness of the dusk, stands there to hold the horse, alive or dead. "Go for him," is the command from this head murderer, and it is obeyed. The associate murderers, the girl-faced lad and the low-browed German, cock and level their revolvers, as they stand there, close by the vehicle. Quick as a flash of lightning comes to the victim's mind the reality of the affair. He shouts, then, in his great peril, for assistance; but his voice is drowned by the explosion of revolvers as bullet after bullet is discharged at him; and then he sinks, with a bullet in his brain, and falls to the ground a corpse. And then the murderers become a part again of the obscurity from which they had emerged. The darkness of night closes around them and hides them. They are three fugitive shadows, with blood upon their hands.

The Murder.—Between six and half-past six of the evening of February 7, last, was committed the murder of James Hughes. A thrill of horror stirred the veins of this community when the crime was announced; and when, wonderful to relate, within two or three weeks, every one of the murderers was arrested, and made full confession, astonishment, indignation, and a general demand for the vengeance of the law upon these enemies of society ensued. On February 7, George Goetz (or Gates), Alexander Aulgus (or Allgers), and Samuel Case, murdered Jas. Hughes; and day after to-morrow, scarcely three months subsequent to their hellish crime, the hangman's rope will send their blood-stained souls to answer to their Maker to the charge of murder!

The Circumstances.—Every circumstance connected with this startling drama of crime, detection and punishment, is wonderful to look upon. Those of the arrest and conviction, are wonderful in their simplicity. They murdered James Hughes; they arrested themselves; and they convicted themselves.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.—A number of witnesses were examined, their evidence in substance being as follows. At the time the murder was committed, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, the deceased was returning from business to his home at Warsaw. He was riding in a buggy, and had reached a point about a mile and a half beyond the Brighton House, near Metz's grocery, when (according to the testimony of Leonard Keller, a boy about thirteen years of age,) three men were seen as if watching his buggy. They were about twenty steps in advance, and continued at about the same relative position until they reached the gate. Cries of "Halloo! halt! halt!" were then heard, followed by three pistol shots. A Mr. Keller, the father of the witness above mentioned, then immediately came out and proceeded to the spot from whence the cries proceeded, and found Hughes lying entirely lifeless in the road. This was about two or three minutes after the pistol shots were fired. One ball had entered the back part of the head, penetrated the brain, and was afterward extracted by Dr. Mead; another struck the left knee. Two of the persons who were seen watching for the buggy were tall men; the other was a youth, apparently about sixteen years of age. They were observed by a Mr. Gelhaus, who was at the toll-gate. One of them wore ragged pants.

Verdict of the jury—"Death from a gun or pistol shot fired by some person unknown to the jury."

Thus far this crime was all mystery. There was no clue as to who did the horrible deed, nor as to their motive. They intended robbery, but they failed in their plan—being so soon discovered. Deceased was fifty-nine years of age, and left a family to lament his loss.

THE FUNERAL.—Took place Sunday, February 11, from the First Universalist Church, Plum street, of which Mr. Hughes was a member. The funeral was a very large one, indeed, being attended by all the relatives of the deceased and by his bereaved family, by hundreds of friends and acquaintances, and by the Wildey Encampment of the Washington Lodge of Odd Fellows, of which also he was a member. The church was densely crowded throughout the exercises, which were conducted by the Rev. E. L. Rexford.

THE MYSTERY—It was feared, would never be removed. There was nothing upon which to cast the shadow of a suspicion as to the identity of the three murderers. The old saying, that "murder will out," which can not always be relied upon, was hardly quoted in this instance. Doubt and mystery surrounded the affair. The County Commissioners immediately offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of the murderers, and the lodge of Odd Fellows to which Mr. Hughes had belonged were about to do the same, when, on the night of February 13, the three murderers were arrested and lodged in the Covington jail, on a suspicion created in the mind of officer Thompson, who arrested them, by the remarks and uneasy manner of Samuel Case, who had been working for him as a "spotter."

THE MURDERERS ARRESTED.—Brought over to this city and incarcerated here, the right men were in the right place. All of the murderers of James Hughes were in custody; but no one was positive of the fact save the three guilty men. All was mystery still. There was apparently no evidence on which to convict them, nor any clue by which to

obtain evidence, save by their confessions in case they should become so cowardly as to confess.

THE FIRST CONVINCING PROOF—THE CONFESSION OF SAMUEL CASE.—In company with Chief of Police McGrew and Detective Hazen, we had an interview, at the county jail, on Saturday, February 16, with the boy Samuel Case. Case was informed by the Chief that he desired to learn the full particulars of the affair, whereupon the lad proceeded to relate, with all the appearance of perfect truth and sincerity, the following detailed story of the terrible crime with the commission of which, in company with George Goetz and Alexander Aulgus, he stood charged.

"I was going up town in Covington, on February 7, when I met George, and he asked me to drink. We took a drink of beer, and he said Bill Hays had shot a man and he was going to catch him. I told him where Hays lived. We then went down town and then went over the river to this side, to see my brother. On Vine street, I think, between Fourth and Fifth, he went in to buy a pair of knuckles; did not get the knuckles, but got a knife and a slung shot. We then went across the street to look at some pistols; it was four or six doors from the corner of Fourth; they asked $5 50 for the pistols. We made a bargain to buy a pistol for $4 90, and I gave the man twenty cents out of the dollar for the pistol; it was a seven-shooting cartridge pistol; it was an American man we bought it of, and he gave us a box of cartridges. Then we went on Fifth street to Walnut, and up Walnut to opposite the Walnut Street House, and showed him where Bill Hays lived, in Gano street. We stopped in some bar-room in Mozart Hall; we had a glass of ale and had our boots blacked. While we were there George proposed to me to steal a horse. I said no, we could not get away with it; we would be caught sure. He then said he wanted to see if he could make any thing by catching Bill Hays, by 'spotting' him out. He said he knew where there were two horses we could get and that he could get plenty of money from his father to start the thing. We then went back to Covington. We drank two or three times going down; we got back about three o'clock. I live on Sixth street between Madison and Washington. We had two or three drinks over the river; we went to the American House and met Aleck, and came back to this side. On Scott street, George said, 'If you want to join with us you can do it.' Aleck said, 'I can't get any work, I havn't got any money, and I am in debt twenty dollars; I don't care any thing for my life, so I will have to take the circumstances, I reckon.' We stopped in the bar-room right across the road from the Burnet House, on Vine street; George left Aleck ten cents to get beer while he was gone; Aleck called for two glasses, and George went out to buy another pistol and a knife and a slung shot; we waited half an hour or an hour till he came back; he said he could not get another pistol to shoot cartridges. There were five boxes of cartridges; I guess he got some of them in Covington. George had all the money, and bought every thing. We went right to the Brighton House; I don't know which way we went, but we walked. We took a drink near the Brighton House; George and I played cards while Aleck went out. We went up a pair of stairs into a room and got something to eat; we had some Bologna sausages

and cheese, and some bread and some sarsaparilla; George handed over a five dollar bill when he paid for it; it was about five o'clock; George inquired about the 'bus, but that was an excuse; we did n't intend to go in any bus. We had another drink, and we got two or three boxes of matches in a big brick house, on the corner of the alley. George said, 'We will have to take it afoot,' and we started out the pike; we went on until we came to the bridge; Aleck said, 'This is a good place; *we had better stop here, and throw them over into the water if they make much noise—it does not matter who.*' I stopped in a white frame house to get a drink of water; I passed a little boy on the pike; he had a bag or a basket, I do n't know which. When this man came up in the buggy, going the way we were going, the little boy was in sight; the man had a blanket over his knee; it was a small gray horse and an open buggy, I think; Aleck was afraid; Aleck ran up after awhile, and said there was a man in a buggy coming behind us, and that this was as good a time as any; I said, 'No, it is too early.' The boy was now about two hundred yards behind us, going into the gate of a house; George said, 'Pull your pistols.' (Before this the hay man had passed us; his wagon was empty, and George wanted to stop him; I suppose he thought he had the price of his load of hay with him. George said we would stop him and ask him to let us ride, and that I should hold the reins while they knocked him in the head and took what he had. But he would not stop for us; he whipped up his horse and drove on). Aleck pulled his pistol, and George caught the horse. The man said, 'What are you stopping my horse for?' and George said, 'Do n't run over a man.' 'I did n't think you were so near.' George had hold of the horse's head, and said, 'Aleck, go for him.' The man said that he had no money, and commenced shouting for the people in the house. When he saw our pistols he said he did n't care a d——n for any such things as those Aleck and I shot at the same time. I shot twice, and Aleck shot three times. George still held the horse. I fired at the man's breast. I did not see the man fall out of the buggy. George ran and said, 'Run Sam, here they come from the house.' I halloed to Aleck to come. He said he wanted to get the money. I never looked back till we got to the top of the hill. We hid two boxes of cartridges under the rocks. I put fresh loads in my pistol, in case we should be arrested on suspicion."

Young Case then proceeded to relate how they crossed the hills to the south, until they struck the pike that finally led them to the covered bridge across Millcreek, near the Ohio; how they went to the Hamilton and Dayton depot and separated, George going one way to pass the night with a woman and to arrange to prove an *alibi*, and Aleck and himself proceeding in a street car to the corner of Third and Vine, and thence across the river to their homes. On Vine street they met five or six policemen, who looked hard at them but did not say a word. Aleck said he was going to see his girl. At 9 or 10 the next morning the three met near the American House. George had had his mustache cut off. Case and Goetz passed the day together. They went out on the commons and practiced pistol shooting, and after that distributed some book programmes for a sister of Case's, who keeps a book store on Scott street, between

Fourth and Fifth. Case first knew of the death of Hughes by reading an account of the affair in the Commercial. When on the day following all three were arrested, Case confessed the crime, supposing that the others had already told something about it. Goetz and Aulgus were brought into the room after Case had completed his statement. They stoutly denied any knowledge, and pretended to have only a passing acquaintance with Case. In their presence Case refused to answer any questions, stating that he had such a fear of them that he did not wish to be exposed to their vengeance.

CORROBORATIVE STATEMENTS.—The confessions and various statements of all the murderers corresponded each with the others, save in one particular. Goetz attempted to convey the idea that he had been employed to murder R. B. Smith, and had been paid money in advance to accomplish the object, and that in causing James Hughes to be murdered he made a mistake in taking him for Mr. Smith. Case and Aulgus, on the contrary, state what is doubtless the truth, that they all went out on the road to rob any person that might come along.

SENTENCED.—On Monday, April 8, the criminal department of the Common Pleas, where Goetz, Aulgus and Case were brought up for sentence, was so densely thronged inside and outside the bar that access was scarcely to be had to any part of the court-room after half past nine o'clock.

Judge Murdock, first addressing Goetz, said: "You have been found guilty of purposely, and of deliberate and premeditated malice, killing James Hughes; otherwise, of murder in the first degree. Have you any thing to say why the Court should not now sentence you?"

Goetz—Nothing at all.

Court (to Aulgus)—Have you any thing to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?

Aulgus—No.

Court (to Case)—Have you any thing to say why you should not receive sentence?

Case—No, sir; except that I did not intend to kill the man.

Court—I had designed saying something to each of you; but I do not suppose any thing I could say, would present your crime in a stronger light than the facts as they were developed upon your trial. There is but little hope of Executive clemency in your favor—especially as to you Goetz; and I would urge upon all three of you the necessity of preparing yourselves for your advent into another world, and for appearing before a higher tribunal than an earthly one—before Him in whose presence we must all sooner or later appear, and before whose throne your souls must soon stand in judgment. It behooves each of you to set your house in order, for your days on this earth are numbered. [So still, and almost breathless was the audience while these words were being uttered, that a pin's fall could have been heard.] It only remains, continued the Judge, that I should pronounce sentence upon each of you separately.

The sentence as to you, George Goetz, is, that you be taken from this place to the jail of Hamilton county, there to be kept in solitary confinement until the 30th day of April, and on that day, between the hours of twelve o'clock, noon, and two o'clock of the afternoon of said day, be

taken by the Sheriff from said place of solitary confinement to the place of execution, and there be hung by the neck until you are dead.

While this doom was being announced to the prisoner, he manifested far less visible emotion than the judge, who, passing for the first time a sentence of such solemn import, seemed greatly moved by the occasion.

A similar sentence was then passed on each of the prisoners.

As the Sheriff was about to take charge of them, and conduct them to the jail, there was a rush for the doors, which the Court remarking, ordered them to be closed, and all persons in the court-room to be kept inside until the prisoners were led out to their place of confinement.

*The Murderers—their History and Appearance—George Goetz.*—This man, who was the leader of the party in this terrible affair, was born on March 23, 1845, at a little obscure town near the city of Strasburg, in the department of the Bas-Rhine, France, ten or twelve miles from the Rhine. When about nine years of age his parents emigrated from their home, going from Strasburg to Paris, from thence to Havre, and from Havre to New Orleans. After remaining there a few weeks they came to Cincinnati, and they have resided here or in Covington ever since. Goetz has several brothers living who are older than himself. On the breaking-out of the war he enlisted in Colonel Sam. Dunning's regiment, the Fifth Ohio. He belonged to Company "A" of the old organization, and Company "D" under the new organization of the regiment. Captain, afterward Colonel Patrick, commanded his company. After leaving the army Goetz was employed at Lane & Bodley's machine shop.

He is a reckless man, in every sense of the word, although possessed of much intelligence, practically speaking. He made several attempts to escape from jail previous to conviction, breaking off bars from his cell-door on one occasion, and twice filing through his shackles.

Alex. Aulgus—was born at Norop, in the Kingdom of Hanover, June 2, 1842, and consequently would be twenty-five years of age were he to live to the 2d of June next. At four years of age he lost his father and mother. He worked on a farm until he was eighteen, when he came to this country, landing at Baltimore and coming directly to this city, where he had acquaintances. He soon went to Louisville, but came back in the same year and made Covington his home. He served two and a half years in the Twenty-second Kentucky Regiment, Colonel Lindsey, but was never in any battle or skirmish except that of Middle Creek, Tennessee. Previous to enlisting he had worked some at brick-making, in the yards back of Covington, and on being discharged from the army, on the ground of physical disability, he resumed this work for two or three seasons.

Samuel Case—the youngest of the Hughes murderers and the first to make full confession of the crime, was born and raised in the neighboring town of Covington, Kentucky, (where many of his relatives now reside,) on June 26, 1852, according to the sworn statement of one of his sisters. This would make him only fifteen, were he to live until June 26, next. He never received much education. He can read, but can not write. He has no history worthy of mention. But little that is good is known of him, as he has been much associated with thieves and bad characters generally.

PRISON LIFE.

The jail of Hamilton County never before contained so remarkable a trio, under such peculiar circumstances. Three men, under sentence of death, have constituted a heavy responsibility for Mr. Jailor Basset, in connection with his ordinary duties and responsibilities. As before stated, Goetz has made several unsuccessful attempts to escape. Aulgus and Case have not as yet been discovered in any attempt to gain their liberty. There have been but few events in their prison life thus far that are worthy of mention. Neither Goetz nor Aulgus has had many visitors, save those who came out of curiosity. Case has been visited frequently by his relatives from Covington. All of them have been quite well supplied with cigars, it being generally understood that they are all smokers. Ministers of the gospel have called upon them frequently, but have not succeeded as yet in making any remarkable conversions. Goetz and Aulgus are Catholics. Case is attended by a Protestant minister.

Thus far Goetz keeps up his courage well. He has dropped his bravado style, however, and appears much more the man of sense than heretofore. There has been no effort to secure a commutation of sentence in his case, consequently he has not been mentally buoyed by any delusive hope. He says that he expects to die and does not fear it much. He is very polite to all that visit him, and answers readily and kindly any questions that are proposed to him. His greatest anxiety, of late, has been to procure copies of photographs of himself, taken by Landy, to send to his friends. A brother of his was down here from the interior of the state recently, and he gave him a photograph to take to his home.

Both Case and Aulgus have clung to a hope that they might escape death and go to the penitentiary for life. Case has been led into this idea by the fact that several efforts have been made to induce Governor Cox to commute his sentence. But that hope no longer exists. It is impossible to convey a very good idea of his feelings. The strength of hope that exists in youth has shown itself plainly in his manner. He has been generally quite cheerful and well-behaved, but at times very trifling with himself. Last Tuesday, for instance, after talking very seriously about the possibility of escaping death, he suddenly struck up a jig dance, and remarked: "I wish it was next Tuesday noon, and the business all over with."

Alex. Aulgus has been showing himself a stronger man than we were led to suppose him by his conduct before and immediately after his sentence. He seems to have a great dread of the stigma that may attach itself to his memory, and to his near relatives, by his ignominious death. He is disposed to be very quiet and uncomplaining.

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The Governor having positively refused to interfere with the execution the three prisoners were all executed at the same moment. Case exhibited perfect ease, Goetz made a few remarks, while Aulgus remained mute. The whole scene was such as we do not wish to describe. Judge Murdock, Prosecuting Attorney Thompson, Governor Cox and Sheriff Schlotman, all deserve the thanks of our citizens, for their firmness during the trying ordeal.

JUN 11 1929